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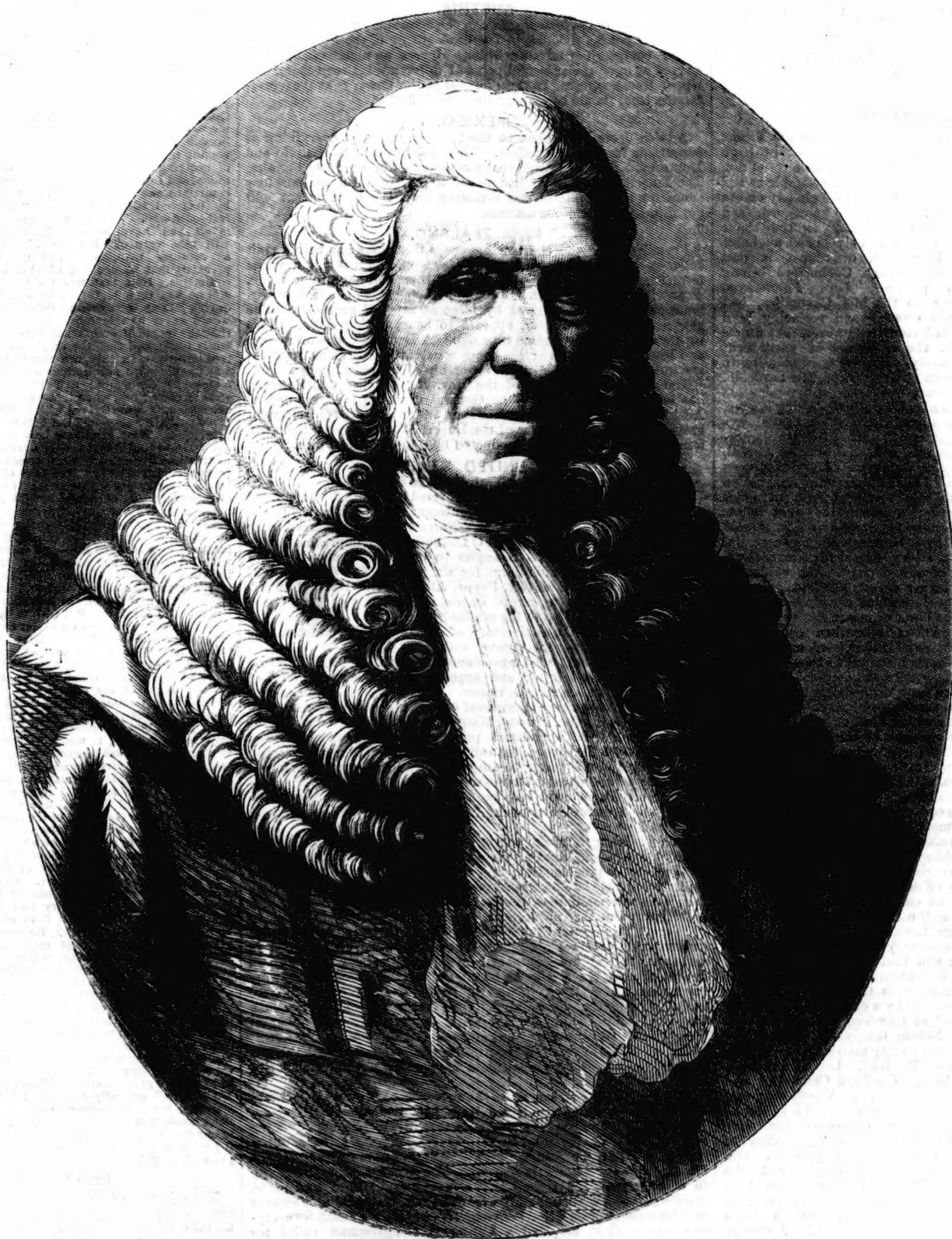
GLADSTONE AND OXFORD.

THE University of Oxford—or, rather, parsondom—has unmuzzled William Ewart Gladstone, and again vindicated its title to be regarded as the representative of those who stoned the prophets. It did so once before, when it rejected Sir Robert Peel, because, as a prophet of liberty of worship, he became a preacher of freedom of conscience to the Roman Catholics. It has repeated the act in the case of Mr. Gladstone, because he has become a prophet of liberality of all kinds. This is an act over which none but the University itself will have occasion to grieve. If the University electors were as enlightened as they are presumed to be learned, it would indeed be an honour to represent such a constituency; but, when their learning only makes them bigots, the less any man who dares to think and to speak his thoughts has to do with them the better. Oxford did not so much honour Mr. Gladstone in choosing him as her representative, as Mr. Gladstone honoured the University by consenting to serve her. An accomplished scholar, the first orator and financier and the most rising statesman of his age and country, the Chancellor of the Exchequer can receive no addition to his fame or to his position from any constituency whatever, except in so far as he may derive satisfaction from enjoying the confidence and esteem of enlightened and generous minds; and these, it seems, the members of Convocation could not accord to him. The divorce, therefore, which they have pronounced between them and him is a fact to be regretted only because it brings disgrace upon the constituency which, of all others in the country, ought to be above small and petty and illiberal motives. We can well believe that Mr. Gladstone was thoroughly sincere when he told the men of South Lancashire on Tuesday that it was with joy and thankfulness that he appeared among them "unmuzzled." His connection with Oxford has for some time been a clog upon Mr. Gladstone's freedom of mind and liberty of action. The University has now set him free, and he will no longer be obliged to give up to parsondom the smallest atom of what was meant for mankind. Mr. Gladstone is now at liberty to follow the dictates of his own mind and to act upon his own untrammelled convictions. This is a result over which everyone, save those who have brought it about, has reason to rejoice, and we doubt not will rejoice.

The disgrace which the University has brought upon herself is enhanced by the fact that the member she has chosen in Mr. Gladstone's place is in no respect worthy to supersede such a man. Mr. Gathorne Hardy's warmest adherents can claim no more for him than that his are abilities which entitle him to a place in the third rank of intellect. He can take no higher position. He is emphatically what may be called a respect-

sumption in him, and disgrace to those who have preferred mediocrity to genius. Mr. Hardy and his new constituents, however, have made their choice; they have pleased themselves, and have in doing so conferred a boon upon the rest of the country, for which the country will not fail to be duly grateful, however little it may admire the spirit which actuated them. Some of our contemporaries, we observe, are desirous

of making it appear that the resident members of Convocation are not to blame for the result of the election for Oxford University, because, they say, the most eminent of the University authorities and professors—all, in short, who are distinguished among those actually engaged in carrying on the proper work of the institution, have given their support to Mr. Gladstone, his rejection having been the work of the non-resident electors. This may or may not be true; but, even if it be true to the full extent stated, we can only partially concur in the conclusion drawn. The majority of the members of Convocation are governed by narrow and bigoted opinions; the members of Convocation have been educated by the University; therefore there must be something narrow and bigoted in the University teaching, or this result could not have been produced. And who are to blame for this but those engaged in tuition at Oxford and in forming the minds and opinions of her alumni? The fruit shows the character of the tree. The fruit in this case is bad; and those cannot be blameless who have been engaged in sowing the seed which has produced such results. Those among the professors of Oxford who think that the University has acted unwisely, ungratefully, and ungenerously in rejecting Mr. Gladstone, should take this matter to heart, and infuse a little more liberality and tolerance, and a little less narrowness and exclusive bigotry, into their teaching for the future. The students of the University receive their opinions and prin-



BARON CRANWORTH, THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. AND C. WATKINS.)

able man: respectable in his personal character, respectable in his intellectual endowments, and respectable (but wordy and cold) in his oratorical powers. Were no other available, Mr. Hardy would have made a passable representative even for Oxford, were Oxford all she ought to be; but that he should be placed in competition with a man to whom he is no more to be compared than he is to be classed with Cicero or Demosthenes of the olden time, or with the Foxes and Pitts, the Sheridans and Burkes, of our own country, implies pre-

ciples in a large degree from the tutors, professors, and heads of houses under whose charge they are placed during their academic career; and it is absurd to argue that those who form the minds of the members of Convocation are not responsible for the opinions they have instilled. Oxford requires reforming in several respects, and in this not less than in others. Mr. Gladstone may now give a portion of his attention to rectifying abuses in the government and teaching of the University; and when that is accomplished, through

his agency, it will not be the least of the benefits the electors will have conferred upon the community by rejecting him as their representative.

The conduct of Oxford, in preferring Mr. Hardy to Mr. Gladstone, contrasts unfavourably with that of other constituencies which were presumed not to have attained the like degree of enlightenment and intelligence. Distinguished men have been chosen in place of mediocrities in a variety of quarters throughout the country, and notably in the metropolis. Nearly every one of the London constituencies has sent to Parliament at least one man eminent for capacity and acquirements. The City gives us Mr. Goschen, one of the most promising of our young statesmen, and who has written well on monetary and other topics. Westminster is represented by Mr. Mill, the foremost social and political philosopher of the day. Southwark furnishes Mr. Layard, a man who had a world-wide reputation in literature, antiquities, and taste before he became known in public life, and whose conduct as a statesman is not likely to detract from the fame he had won in other walks. In Mr. Hughes, Lambeth has a member whose name is now a household word in England. Finsbury, in Mr. Torrens, sends to the floor of the House a clear-headed statesman, a good speaker, and an accomplished scholar and able writer. Even Marylebone and the Tower Hamlets are at least respectably represented; and other constituencies in the provinces have contributed men of intellectual eminence to Parliament, who will certainly do much to influence the deliberations of that assembly. Truly, the unlearned constituencies have done much to redeem the folly of Oxford University, and to exemplify the profundity of the idea expressed by Cowper that

Learning and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection.

LORD CRANWORTH.

THE resignation of Lord Westbury has, as our readers are aware, been followed by the return of Lord Cranworth to the post of High Chancellor of England. Perhaps a more judicious choice could not, in the circumstances, have been made. It was not desirable to add to the number of ex-Chancellors, four of whom were already on the list—namely, Lords Brougham, St. Leonards, Chelmsford, and Cranworth; and of the "dowager Chancellors," as they have been called, Lord Cranworth was the only one available by a Liberal Ministry. Lord Brougham, of course, is past active service; and Lords St. Leonards and Chelmsford belong to the Conservative party in politics. Lord Palmerston, therefore, in selecting a successor to the late Chancellor, had no choice between making a new creation and replacing Lord Cranworth on the woolsack. It is fortunate, however, that fitness for the high office he now fills, the exigencies of party connections, and considerations of economy, alike concur in pointing to Lord Cranworth as the proper man for the post. His Lordship, though arrived at the age of seventy-five years, still retains his judicial faculties unimpaired. He is a sound and painstaking lawyer, and in the many offices he has successively filled has always acquitted himself with the highest credit. After being Solicitor-General, a Baron of the Exchequer, and a Lord Justice of Appeal, he became Lord Chancellor on the formation of the Aberdeen Cabinet in 1852, and retained office till Lord Palmerston's resignation in the spring of 1858. During his former tenure of office there were complaints that Lord Cranworth did not show himself sufficiently anxious to undertake legal reforms. It seemed that his mind belonged to that order, so common among successful lawyers, which is content to work an existing system, mending it from time to time by overruling certain decisions, the principles involved in which appeared no longer sound, and legislating on matters of detail, rather than to the class which would reform whole departments of jurisprudence on the basis of reason and experience. In this respect he is likely to afford a marked contrast to Lord Westbury, whose restless energy and perfect freedom from professional prejudice induced him to reform whatever he thought amiss, without being at all trammelled by tradition or hampered by professional etiquette. But, though Lord Cranworth did not move very fast, he showed himself to be a sure-footed lawyer, and seldom proposed anything the objections to which had not been adequately considered and removed. His performance of the ordinary duties of his office gave general satisfaction; and, being well acquainted with the law of equity, which he was called upon to administer, he ably maintained his own reputation and the efficiency of his court. As President of the House of Lords he won the respect and esteem of his peers, and has retained the good opinion of the Lords during the eight years that he has been among them in his private capacity. His high character and perfect freedom from nepotism or any disposition to act from personal considerations make his appointment at the present time peculiarly appropriate and desirable. His former exercise of the patronage of his office was unexceptionable; the Judges, especially, whom he placed on the bench being, beyond doubt, the ablest men to be found at the Bar. Although, therefore, both from his character and his age, Lord Cranworth is not likely to prove an energetic reformer, the country may be sure that whatever he does do will be done well; and that the administration of the law, at least, will not suffer in his hands.

Robert Money Rolfe, Lord Cranworth, is the eldest son of the late Rev. Edmund Rolfe, of Cranworth, by a daughter of William Alexander, Esq., brother of the Earl of Caledon, and was born in 1790. He is connected with the Nelson family, his grandfather, the Rev. Robert Rolfe, of Hillborough, having married Alice Nelson, the aunt of the great naval hero of England. Lord Cranworth's father was the eldest son of this lady. The Lord Chancellor was educated, first, at Bury St. Edmunds; then at Winchester, and finally at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was elected a Fellow of Downing College in 1812; took his B.A. degree in the same year, and in 1813 became M.A. In 1816 he was called to the Bar, where he soon secured considerable practice, and enjoyed not only the confidence of his clients but the respect of the Bar. He was M.P. for Penryn from 1832 till his elevation to the bench, and was throughout a consistent supporter of Liberal principles. He was appointed a King's Counsel in 1832, and became Solicitor-General in 1834. A change of Ministry occurring in that year, he went out of office, but was reappointed in 1835, and continued to hold office until 1839, when he was made a Baron of the Exchequer. He was one of the Commissioners intrusted with the keeping of the Great Seal after the resignation of Lord Cottenham; was appointed Vice-Chancellor in 1850; was created a Peer, by the title of Baron Cranworth, in the same year; and, in 1851, became one of the Lords Justices of Appeal in Chancery. His Lordship was promoted to be Lord Justice in the Court of Chancery in 1852, and, on the formation of the Aberdeen Government in the end of that year, took his seat on the woolsack as Lord Chancellor. Some useful, though not striking, reforms were passed during his chancellorship, the principal of which were the Common Law Procedure Act, 1854, and the Charitable Trusts Act, 1855. After his retirement from office, Lord Cranworth was constant and assiduous in giving attention to the judicial business of the House of Lords and gave his support to all measures calculated to improve the social condition of the people. He has taken a par-

ticular interest in opening up endowed schools to Dissenters, hitherto deemed to belong exclusively to the Established Church; and, in short, all genuine improvements, whether legal, social, or educational, have ever received his best attention and support.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor left Paris on Wednesday for Plombières, and the Empress and the Prince Imperial were to leave on Thursday for Fontainebleau. Their Majesties had been detained in the capital for some days in consequence of a slight indisposition under which the youthful Prince had been labouring.

The *Moniteur* formally contradicts the report that the Emperor had made fresh propositions for the assembling of a European Congress.

The United States war-steamer Kearsarge, from Lisbon, entered Brest Roads, on Wednesday, and fired a salute of twenty-one guns, which was returned by the fort.

ITALY.

The King returned to Florence on Wednesday. His Majesty had been upon a shooting excursion.

Intelligence received from Catania, dated Tuesday night, announces that an earthquake has taken place in the district of Giarré, causing the loss of several lives and great damage to property.

PRUSSIA.

A Royal decree was published on Tuesday declaring the Budget for 1865, as proposed by the Ministry, to be the financial law for the current year. The King adds to the estimate of the Minister of Marine the sum of 500,000 thalers for the construction of rifled cannon for the navy, respecting the employment of which amount the Minister will make a special report to the King at the end of the year. The above decree bears date Carlsbad, July 5, 1865, and is countersigned by all the Ministers. The report of the Ministers and the Budget fixed by them have also been published.

AUSTRIA.

No further obstacle now exists to the adoption by the Reichsrath of the Budget for 1865, as, in Tuesday's sitting of the Finance Committee, composed of members of both Houses, an understanding was arrived at upon the principal point of difference between them, the Upper House agreeing to the proposal of the Lower that the secret-service fund should be reduced by 200,000 florins.

MEXICO.

Advices from Vera Cruz to the 23rd ult. represent everything as favourable for the Imperialists. They had reoccupied Saltillo and Monterey. It was reported that Cortinas had been shot by Canales. The Emperor Maximilian had issued a manifesto leaving religious education to the priests and declaring that the Government will not interfere in religious matters.

NEW ZEALAND.

From New Zealand the intelligence is that there has been a split between the Governor and General Cameron, and it is said that the former has declared that one or other of them will have to go home. A proclamation has been issued announcing that the Pai Mariri fanaticism will be suppressed by force of arms if necessary. The new superstition, however, appears to be spreading daily. This superstition originated some time ago. A European was murdered, and his head and parts of his bones were carried about as trophies; and out of this arose a species of worship of the relics.

The supposed murderer of the Rev. Mr. Volkner, one Rereopa, has been arrested at Opotiki. General Cameron has returned to Auckland, and a memorandum has been drawn up by the Government proposing that, in the event of the Imperial forces being withdrawn, military operations will be conducted by a force of 1500 men.

THE UNITED STATES.

Our intelligence from New York is to the 8th inst. The President, who had partially recovered his health, had approved and promulgated the findings and sentences in the conspiracy trials. Payne, Harrold, Atzerott, and Mrs. Surratt were condemned to be hanged; Dr. Mudd, Arnold, and O'Laughlin to be imprisoned, with hard labour, for life; and Spangler to be imprisoned, with hard labour, in Albany penitentiary, for six years. The sentence was carried out upon Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Atzerott, and Harrold on the 7th. All the prisoners, except Payne, were terribly depressed, and had to be almost carried to the scaffold.

The 4th of July, the anniversary of American Independence, was celebrated throughout the country with great display.

The President had issued a proclamation including South Carolina in his system of restoration, and appointing Benjamin F. Perry, of that State, its provisional Governor. All the seceded States, except Florida, have now either provisional or elected local Governments.

In Philadelphia the Provost Marshal had, by order from Washington, surrendered a political prisoner, named Cozzens, to the Sheriff. Judge Thompson had subsequently released him, declaring that the President's power to suspend the habeas corpus conferred by Congress terminated with the war.

The State Department had been officially notified of the intention of the Spanish Government to surrender the Confederate ram *Stonewall*.

General Granger, commanding at Galveston, Texas, had issued an order announcing that all slaves have become free by virtue of the President's proclamation, and are consequently raised to equal rights with their late owners in person and property. He advises the slaves to remain upon the plantations and work for wages, and notifies to them that no encouragement or assistance will be given to idlers. Provisional Governor Johnson, of Georgia, in a speech at Savannah, on the 1st, declared that slaves must be regarded in war as lawful captures, whether considered as persons or property; and that, when the armies and material of the Confederacy were surrendered, the slaves, in the spirit of the laws of war, were included; and that consequently that, taken in conjunction with the proclamations of the President, rendered the institution of slavery in the South for ever extinct.

Governor Fletcher, of Missouri, in a proclamation dated the 1st, declares the new State Constitution adopted by a popular majority of only 1800 votes.

General Ewell, well known as the successor of Stonewall Jackson, had written a letter to a friend from his prison in Fort Warren, Boston, in which he speaks of the manner in which he espoused the Southern cause. He says, on returning sick from Arizona, in the spring of 1861, he found the war just begun, all the highest United States army officers resigning, and General Scott publishing in a letter that the United States would divide into four parts, showing that he thought all was over. A United States senator said he would march a Northern regiment to help the South for every one sent against her, and a California Congressman called for forcible resistance to the inauguration of President Lincoln, yet nothing was done with any of these men. General Ewell says he took up arms with the South from a painful sense of duty, and, by doing so, he lost a fine position, for all the pay he received in four years from the Confederate Government was not as much as one year's pay in the old army. Now he languished in prison, while persons who did all they could to bring about the war are in favour in the North and holding high office. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, was in Macon recently, and counselled, on the part of the people, a cheerful obedience to the laws of the United States. He believed slavery to be dead, and thinks the South will have a prosperous future.

Vice-President Stephens had given his version of the Hampton Road Peace Conference, and says that President Lincoln at the conference offered the South six years to abolish slavery, and said he would give the slaveowners 400,000,000 dols. as compensation for the loss of their property. Mr. Stephens says every one would have been glad to yield on these terms; but Mr. Davis was in-

exorable, and, in order to deceive the people of the Confederacy, urged the commissioners to make it appear that none but insulting terms were offered. They declined to do this, and Davis, to crush the peace party at the south, prepared a preface to the report giving it that colouring.

A young man named Dien, formerly clerk in the Confederate War Department, had come forward at Washington and asserted that in his presence President Davis and Secretaries Benjamin and Breckenridge decidedly objected to a proposal laid before them in February, 1865, by Booth, to assassinate or capture President Lincoln.

The Young Men's Christian Association being unable to raise the money requisite to pay for Ford's Theatre, in Washington, the bargain had been broken off. In a few days Mr. Ford would again open his theatre; and, no doubt, from the celebrity the place has attained, he will draw good houses.

ELECTIONEERING SPEECHES.

MR. DISRAELI AT ATLESBURY.

At the nomination of candidates for Buckinghamshire, last week, when Messrs. Disraeli, Du Pré and Harvey were returned without opposition, Mr. Disraeli was received with much cheering, and addressed the electors at considerable length. He said:—

One compensatory consequence of the rejection of the Derby Government reform bill was that "if ever that subject comes before us again, the people of England generally will be able to bring to its consideration a more matured judgment than they hitherto perhaps may have exercised." It was in favour of the absolute religious liberty which the country enjoyed at the present time, and was an uncompromising supporter of the connection of the Church with the State, as securing religious freedom and that spiritual instruction which was a necessity of man. The country was prosperous, and he would give the Government in silence their fair share of the credit for such a result were it not for the extraordinary demands which they made for expressions of gratitude. In due course, if he had been responsible for the administration of our finances, he should have proposed the repeal of the paper duty, but he hoped he should have been more skilful in the conditions. As for the tea duties, he himself proposed, thirteen years ago, their reduction, but was defeated by the opposition of Mr. Gladstone and his friends. And it would not be forgotten that the Conservatives endeavoured to substitute a reduction of those duties for the abolition of the paper duty. The income tax had only just been reduced to the rate at which the Conservative Government left it, after having been doubled by Mr. Gladstone. One subject, continued the right hon. gentleman, upon which the present Administration have taken, and deservedly, great credit, is the French Treaty of Commerce. It is said upon every hustings in England where there is a Liberal candidate, and in every Liberal newspaper that can produce a leading article, or five leading articles—for there are some that produce five—that if you had not had a free-trade Government you would not have had a French Treaty of Commerce. But what surprises me is this, that a free-trade Government should ever have given us a treaty of commerce. In 1843, when the commerce of this country seemed to be languishing, and when persons in Parliament and in public life were suggesting schemes by which an impulse might be given to it, I had the honour of bringing the subject of treaties of commerce before the House of Commons, and I dwelt very much on the advantage of having a French treaty of commerce and other treaties I then indicated. But what was my treatment by the free-traders? They said, "This won't do at all; this is a most old-fashioned step. We don't want treaties of commerce; open your ports, that is all you have to do. Take care of your imports, your exports will take care of themselves." And even Sir Robert Peel, who was a cautious man, and had not made his great plunge, told me privately that he doubted whether he would live to see another treaty of commerce. Now that was the view of the extreme party at that time, and he was then beginning to be influenced by their views. I also said, during all our struggles and debates on these economical subjects, that you would never be able to fight hostile tariffs with free ports. I further said that the course of events and experience proved that their views were perfectly futile, and that the only way to manage hostile tariffs was to have free imports. In 1852, the first thing the Government of Lord Derby did was to enter into negotiations with the Cabinet of France, in order to have a treaty of commerce; and those negotiations were advancing while we were in office; but, when that was mentioned as one of the things which we attempted, it was received with scoffs and contumely or silence by the free-trade party, for they said the notion of a treaty of commerce violated their principles. Now you know how valuable treaties of commerce are. Now, are we to be told that it is only a free-trade Government which can gain for us treaties of commerce, when treaties of commerce are in violation of the principles of free trade? You have all been told that there was going to be a treaty of commerce with Austria. I always said there was not the slightest chance of a treaty of commerce with Austria, and the reason is that we have nothing to give Austria. Why, then, it may be asked, did you succeed with France? You succeeded because Sir R. Peel was obliged to retain the duties upon some of the principal articles of French produce—as, for instance, on wines and silk—and therefore, when you negotiated the treaty with France, you had a great deal to offer her. That treaty has been of inestimable benefit to this country, but it has been effected in total violation of the principles of free trade. I am told that there has been a great reduction of taxation on the part of her Majesty's Government. Well, there has been. I admit it. But then it has been a reduction of taxation which they themselves imposed upon the country. My excellent colleagues have expressed decided opinions on the subject of the malt tax, and it may be you have observed that I have omitted to do so. I did not mention it for several reasons. In the first place, I thought that, having served you for eighteen years with your general approbation, and having been more by accident than by any merit of my own placed in a position in which I have some control over public affairs, I might ask you to return me to Parliament unpledged on any subject; and I also considered that, if there were any subject in reference to which it would be unnecessary for me to express an opinion, it would be the repeal of the malt tax; for in 1852, at a time when it was necessary to revise the general taxation of the country, and when the country had adopted the principle of unrestricted competition, I recommended that the malt tax should be reduced by one half. What happened? I do not say I received on that occasion any fervent support, even from some of the gentlemen sitting on my own side of the house, and who are now for the repeal of the tax. But this most remarkable circumstance took place as to the Liberals. They said that the remission of half the malt tax would be of no service whatever, and yet you have heard these very men calling upon us in the House of Commons, and bawling on the hustings, that the reduction of one third of the tax is necessary for promoting the interests of British agriculture. And yet they opposed my proposition to reduce it one half. What induced us to deal with the malt tax? We believed that, as the country had definitely adopted what is popularly called free trade, that must have an injurious effect on the value of the wheat crop of the British farmer in the long run, and I think the events have justified that opinion. Therefore it was of importance that the crop next in value to the wheat crop should be freed as much as possible from all trammels in its cultivation and general use, and be freed from every possible disadvantage which might attend it; and though, in proposing to take off half the malt tax, we did not entirely attain the desired object; yet, in dealing with a tax producing now six millions and at that time five millions, there must be a beginning. If you take off half the malt tax, and the revenue of the country periodically produces a surplus, the other half must in time be taken off. The real reason why so much feeling has been displayed in the country about the malt tax is that experience has proved to the farmer that he cannot depend upon wheat as a profitable crop, but he must give his attention more to the cultivation of barley. (A voice: We shall all get jolly drunk.) I think you, my friend, had a glass before you came here. Whenever the repeal of the malt tax is brought forward I must consider it with reference to the state of the country and the condition of our finances; but you must feel that the predisposition of my mind is that, if I could relieve the British farmer from the impost, I should do it upon the principle of financial justice as well as of general utility.

MR. GLADSTONE AT LIVERPOOL.

The rejection of Mr. Gladstone by the University of Oxford having become apparent by Monday, the right hon. gentleman determined to take an active part in the canvass which had been commenced on his behalf in South Lancashire, and on Tuesday addressed a meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, where he was cordially welcomed. In the course of his speech he declared that it was with joy and thankfulness that he appeared among his audience "unmuzzled." On the evening of the same day Mr. Gladstone addressed a crowded meeting in the Amphitheatre, Liverpool. A most enthusiastic reception was accorded to the distinguished candidate, who was introduced by the chairman, Mr. Wm. Rathbone, jun.

Mr. Gladstone, who was evidently deeply affected by his reception, said that the poll had ceased that evening at Oxford at eight o'clock. He should not connect that fact with any disrespect for or indifference to the memory of that ancient University. During the eighteen anxious years he had been the representative of Oxford it had been his duty to deal with many important questions bearing on religion and education. He had served the University with his whole heart and done his best to promote her interests. She bore with him long and resisted every effort to displace him; but she had at last changed her mind. God grant it might be well with her! He should never forget the happy years and hours he had spent in her service. If, however, he appeared in a different position, it was not as a different man. He had not forgotten his former existence; in their country there was no

distinction of classes and interests, and the fact that he had represented a University was no reason why he should not represent South Lancashire. In regard to the University, he would not yield to his favoured competitor in true devotion to her interests, though their method of action might be different. If her future was to be as glorious as her past, she must enlarge her boundaries—she must open her doors, invigorate her powers, and endeavour to rise to the height of that vocation with which the Almighty had deigned to endow her. If Oxford had in past times led the mind of the country in the path of improvement, she was worthy of her high office; but if she was in future to merely embrace the narrow views and interests of a political party, then he was not the man for Oxford. After contrasting the differences between Oxford and South Lancashire, and alluding to the desperate fondness with which he had clung to the University, Mr. Gladstone said that he had to the last been supported by the resident teaching body, though they and he had finally been obliged to yield to political influences. He did not complain, for in questions of politics it was their duty to yield to the majority. He hoped, however, that the voice of the majority would prevail in South Lancashire; for though his political position might unfit him to hold the arduous position of representing a University, it in no way unfitted him from being one of the representatives of his native county. Next alluding to the charge that the late Parliament had witnessed a series of attacks on the Church and Constitution, he said he could not concur in the assertion. As a member of the University, it had been his special duty to be mindful of the interests of the Church of England, and he knew of nothing she had suffered during the past six years, and she never enjoyed greater freedom of speech than she now possessed, being unable to use coercive powers, and too wise to wish to do so. The Church depended upon moral influence, not defended by mere provisions of written law. If the Church of England was to live, she must live—she must flourish and grow; and God grant she might do so by making herself beneficently known for the discharge of her apostolic offices, by the faithful custody of the Word she had received, by making her ministrations the friend and comfort of every man—by causing herself to be felt by every one in every action of life where her assistance could be available! In these functions he would cordially promote her usefulness, and in them he trusted she would daily grow stronger. The Government had in no respect betrayed their duty as regarded the Church—though they conscientiously differed from others who had different views of aiding her. If it was thought the interests of the Church were promoted by maintaining some odious stigma, he cared not whether it were upon Protestant, Nonconformist, or upon Roman Catholic brethren, he disclaimed and repudiated such efforts at defending the Church. The misguided persons who in folly used such weapons defeated their own object and dearest wishes, and, by their acts, were rather to be reckoned as the foes than the friends of the Church. He held that the promotion of civil and religious liberty, so far from being looked upon as disloyalty, was a proof of that real affection the Church of England could desire at the hands of her children. He would not go into such questions at length, but he would assert that a generous and conciliatory policy was the only wise one; but, whether he sat for Oxford or South Lancashire, or not at all, he should act upon that policy so long as his life should last. Alluding to his association with the Liberal party, his connection with a Liberal Government, Mr. Gladstone next said that his experience obliged him to believe that true wisdom consisted in a policy of trust as opposed to a policy of distrust. If he was told that the feeling of the country was in the best and broadest sense Conservative—that the people valued their country, their laws, and their institutions—honesty compelled the admission that result had been brought about by Liberal legislation. After his introduction into office, by Sir R. Peel, in 1841, he never wavered or swerved from his Liberal ideas; and he considered that man as blind who, after being privileged to take part in such beneficial legislation, turned back his eyes from the noble prospect before him and returned to those obstructive ideas so detrimental to the country and its institutions. Mr. Gladstone next touched upon the various criticisms of Liberal policy which had been made by Mr. Disraeli and others during the present elections. The Opposition had claimed for themselves the glory of being the real advocates of retrenchment, while they had universally opposed the financial policy of the Government, one member, Sir J. Walsh, who sat thirty-five years in the house, insisting on one occasion that their naval estimates ought to be doubled. It had been said that they were specially lucky. He should like to know if a cotton famine and American war, combined with a reconstruction of the navy and the building of new and expensive fortifications, could be considered as financial slices of luck even by a Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then, again, they were accused of having increased the expenditure of the country. Now, in 1858-9 the expenditure of the country, when he took the management of the national finances, was £83,000,000, and Lord Malmesbury had involved us in a war with China which cost us £6,000,000, so that he (Mr. Gladstone) commenced his financial career with an unavoidable deficiency. Last year the expenditure was £66,000,000, taxes had been reduced, and we were at peace with the world. Then, again, it had been said that the Government had been favoured by a good harvest; but he could recollect a time when bad harvests were put to the account of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and not to a higher power. Under all these circumstances, he thought the Government had no occasion to blush for the financial condition of the country. Mr. Gladstone wound up a lengthy and elaborate speech by an eloquent comparison of the Lancashire of fifty years ago with the Lancashire of the present day, summarising the numerous and various benefits, the results of Liberal legislation, which had added so much to the progress of the country, and to the advantage and happiness of every member of the community. The honourable and learned gentleman sat down amidst most enthusiastic and uproarious cheers. After which Mr. Robertson Gladstone and Mr. Gladstone, M.P. for Chester, briefly addressed the meeting. No resolution was proposed; but the Chancellor was unanimously accepted as one of the Liberal candidates for the southern division of the county.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The following lists show the results of the general election from the time of beginning our last publication to that of going to press with our earliest edition this week:—

ENGLAND AND WALES.

ABINGDON. Colonel Lindsay C	GLoucestershire (West). Mr. Holt C
ANGLESEA. Sir R. B. Bulkeley L	Colonel Kingscote C
BEDFORDSHIRE. Mr. H. Russell L	Hampshire (South). Sir Jervoise Clarke Jervoise .. L
BRECKNOCKSHIRE. Colonel Gilpin C	Colonel Fane C
CAMBRIDGESHIRE. Major Morgan C	HEREFORDSHIRE. Lord M. W. Graham C
CARDIGANSHIRE. Sir T. Lloyd L	Mr. K. J. King C
CARMARTHENSHIRE. Mr. Jones C	Mr. Biddulph L
CHESHIRE (NORTH). Mr. G. C. Legh C	HULL. Mr. Clay L
CHESHIRE (SOUTH). Hon. W. Egerton C	Mr. Norwood L
CORNWALL (EAST). Mr. Robartes L	HUNTINGDONSHIRE. Mr. Fellowes C
CORNWALL (WEST). Mr. R. Davey L	Lord R. Montagu C
CRICKLADE. Mr. Goddard C	IPSWICH. Mr. Adair L
CUMBERLAND (EAST). Hon. C. W. G. Howard L	Mr. Cobbold C
CUMBERLAND (WEST). Mr. W. Marshall L	KENT (EAST). Sir B. Bridges C
DENBIGHSHIRE. Colonel Biddulph L	Sir E. Dering L
DERBYSHIRE. Sir W. W. Wynne C	KNARESBOROUGH. Mr. Wood C
DEVON (SOUTH). Mr. Kekewich C	LANCASHIRE (North). Colonel Wilson Patten C
DEVON (NORTH). Hon. C. H. Trefusis C	The Marquis of Hartington .. L
DORSETSHIRE. Mr. H. G. Sturt C	LANCASHIRE (SOUTH). Hon. A. F. Egerton C
FLINTSHIRE. Lord R. Grosvenor L	Mr. Turner C
GLAMORGANSHIRE. Colonel Talbot L	Mr. Gladstone L
GLoucestershire (EAST). Sir M. H. Beach C	LEEDS. Mr. Beecroft C
Mr. Holford C	Mr. Baines L
	LEICESTERSHIRE (SOUTH). Mr. C. W. Packe C
	Viscount Curzon C
	LEWES. Lord Pelham L
	Mr. Brand L
	LINCOLNSHIRE (NORTH). Mr. J. Banks-Stanhope C
	Sir Montague Cholmeley L
	LINCOLNSHIRE (SOUTH). Sir J. Trollope C
	Mr. Packe C
	LIVERPOOL. Mr. Horsfall C
	Mr. Graves C
	MALMESBURY. Lord Andover L
	MONMOUTHSHIRE. Mr. C. O. Morgan C
	Lieutenant-Colonel Somerset .. C
	MONTGOMERY (BOROUGH). Mr. C. H. Tracey L
	NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. Mr. C. Cowen L
	Right Hon. T. Headlam L
	NORFOLK (EAST). Mr. Howes C
	Mr. C. S. Reed C

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE (NORTH). Lord Burghley C	SOMERSET (WEST). Sir H. Hood C
Mr. G. Ward Hunt C	Mr. Gore Langton C
NORTHUMBRLAND (NORTH). Earl Percy C	STAFFORDSHIRE (NORTH). Mr. E. Buller L
Sir M. W. Ridley C	Mr. C. B. Alderley C
NORTHUMBRLAND (SOUTH). Mr. Liddell C	STAFFORDSHIRE (SOUTH). Mr. W. H. Foley L
Mr. Beaumont L	Mr. W. O. Foster L
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE (NORTH). Mr. J. E. Denison L	SUFFOLK (EAST). Lord Henniker C
Lord Clinton L	Sir Fitzroy Kelly C
OXFORDSHIRE. Mr. Henley C	SUFFOLK (WEST). Major Parker C
Colonel North C	Lord A. Hervey C
Lieut. Col. J. W. Fane C	SURREY (EAST). Mr. Locke King L
OXFORD UNIVERSITY. Sir W. Heathcote C	Mr. C. Buxton L
Mr. Gathorne Hardy C	SURREY (WEST). Mr. Briscoe L
PEMBROKE DISTRICT. Sir H. Owen L	Mr. C. Cubitt C
PEMBROKESHIRE. Mr. G. L. Phillips C	SUSSEX (EAST). Mr. Dodson L
PENRYN AND FALMOUTH. Mr. T. G. Barling L	Lord E. Cavendish L
Mr. S. Gurney L	SUSSEX (WEST). Colonel Barttelot C
PONTFRAC. Mr. Childers L	Captain Windham C
Mr. Waterhouse C	WALLINGFORD. Sir C. W. Dilke L
RADNORSHIRE. Mr. G. R. Price L	WAREHAM. Mr. Calcraft L
RUTLANDSHIRE. Hon. G. J. Noel C	WARWICK. Mr. A. W. Peel L
Hon. G. H. Heathcote L	Mr. Repton C
SALISBURY. Mr. Marsh L	WESTMORLAND. Hon. H. C. Lowther C
Mr. Hamilton L	The Earl of Boivie C
SANDWICH. Mr. Hugessen L	WILTSHIRE (SOUTH). Lord H. Thynne C
Lord C. Paget L	Mr. T. P. Grove C
SHOREHAM. Mr. Cave C	WORCESTERSHIRE (EAST). Hon. F. Calthorpe L
Sir P. Burrell C	Mr. H. F. Vernon L
SHROPSHIRE (SOUTH). Mr. R. G. More L	YORKSHIRE (EAST RIDING). Lord Hotham C
Colonel Herbert C	Hon. A. Duncombe C
SOMERSETSHIRE (EAST). Mr. R. N. Greville C	YORKSHIRE (WEST RIDING), N. Division. Sir F. Crossley L
Mr. R. H. Paget C	Lord F. Cavendish L
SCOTLAND. GLASGOW. Mr. Graham L	
Mr. Dalgleish L	
GREENOCK. Mr. Dunlop L	
HADDINGTON (DISTRICT). Sir H. R. Davie L	
HADDINGTONSHIRE. Lord Elcho L	
INVERNESS (DISTRICT). Mr. A. Matheson L	
KILMARNOCK (DISTRICT). Mr. E. P. Bouverie L	
KINCARDINESHIRE. Mr. R. D. Nicol L	
KIRKALDY (DISTRICT). Mr. Aytoun L	
KIRKCUDBRIGHT. Mr. J. Mackie L	
LANARKSHIRE. Sir E. T. Colebrooke L	
LINLITHGOWSHIRE. Mr. P. McLean L	
MONTROSE (DISTRICT). Mr. Baxter L	
PAISLEY. Mr. Ewing L	
PEEBLES. Sir G. Montgomery C	
PERTHSHIRE. Mr. W. Stirling C	
RENFREWSHIRE. Mr. A. A. Spiers L	
ROSS AND CROMARTY. Sir J. Matheson L	
ROXBURGHSHIRE. Sir W. Scott L	
STIRLINGSHIRE. Admiral Erskine L	
STIRLING (DISTRICT). Mr. Oilhant L	
WICK (DISTRICT). Mr. Laing L	
WIGTOWNSHIRE. Sir A. Agnew L	
WIGTOWN (DISTRICT). Mr. Young (Sol.-Gen. Scotland) .. L	
IRELAND. KERRY. Colonel Herbert L	
Viscount Castlereagh L	
KILDARE. Mr. W. H. F. Cogan L	
Lord G. Fitzgerald L	
KILKENNY. Sir J. Gray L	
KINSALE. Sir G. Colthurst L	
LIMERICK (CITY). Major Gavin L	
Mr. F. W. Russell L	
LIMERICK (COUNTY). Right Hon. W. Monsell L	
Mr. E. Synnau L	
LISBURN. Mr. E. W. Turner C	
LONDONDELRy (COUNTY). Sir F. W. Heygate C	
Mr. Peel Dawson C	
LONDONDELRy (CITY). Lord C. J. Hamilton C	
LONGFORD (COUNTY). Colonel Greville L	
Mr. O'Reilly L	
MALLOU. Mr. Serjeant Sullivan (Sol.- Gen. for Ireland) L	
MAYO. Lord J. Browne L	
Lord Bingham C	
NEWRY. Mr. Innes C	
PORTARLINGTON. Mr. Lawson (Attorney-Gen. for Ireland) L	
ROSCOMMON (COUNTY). The O'Conor Don L	
Colonel French L	
SLIGO. Mr. Serjeant Armstrong L	
SLIGO (COUNTY). Sir R. G. Booth C	
Mr. G. W. O'Hara C	
TRALEE. The O'Donoghue L	
TYRONE. Mr. Corry C	
Lord C. Hamilton C	
WATERFORD (COUNTY). Lord Tyrone C	
Mr. Esmond L	
WATERFORD (CITY). Mr. Blake L	
Sir H. W. Barron L	
WEXFORD (BOROUGH). Mr. Devereux L	
WICKLOW. Mr. P. Dick C	
Lord Proby C	
YOUGHAL. Mr. J. N. McKenna L	

DWELLINGS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

ON Saturday last the fourth half-yearly meeting of the company set on foot by Mr. Alderman Waterlow, to provide the working classes in the metropolis with suitable dwellings at easy rents, was held at the Mansion House—Lord Stanley, M.P., the chairman of the company, presiding. The directors' report stated that the subscribed capital, £30,000, had been paid up, less £150. The sum of £23,542 has been expended in the purchase of land and in the erection of buildings, and it is expected that the balance will in a few weeks be absorbed in completing the undertakings now in hand. At Tower-buildings, Brewhouse-lane, Wapping, nearly the whole of the sixty dwellings for families are occupied. The block of buildings at King's-cross-road, Bagnidge-wells, has been named "Cobden-buildings." The dwellings there have been occupied for a few weeks, and the shops on the ground floor are also let. Of the five blocks in Old St. Pancras-road two were fully occupied in the first week of the present month. It is expected that two others will be ready for occupation in a few weeks, and the fifth will be completed in October. These five blocks, which have been named "Stanley Buildings," provide ample accommodation for 100 families, and as they are in the immediate neighbourhood of the Great Northern Railway station at King's-cross and several large manufacturing establishments employing a great number of hands, the applications already received are greatly in excess of the number of tenements. From the experience of the working of the company up to the present time, the directors believe that a minimum dividend of 5 per cent per annum may be permanently relied upon. Mr. Alderman Waterlow has recently been in communication with the Government, and has succeeded in obtaining from the Lords of the Treasury a promise to introduce, at the opening of the next Session of Parliament, a bill to enable the Public Works Loan Commissioners to advance money at 3½ per cent interest upon the mortgage of improved dwellings for the labouring classes; and, in order to enable the company to avail itself of favourable opportunities of borrowing money upon securities of its property, the directors recommended that a resolution be passed authorising the directors to mortgage the company's property to such an extent as they may deem advisable. The accounts show that £821 odd remains standing to the company's profit and loss account; the directors recommended that £750 of this sum be appropriated to the payment of a dividend of five per cent per annum on the paid-up capital of the company. Since the 30th of June £2000 has been subscribed to the capital, and a considerable sum is likely to be subscribed by friends of the movement in Greenwich with a view to the erection of three or four blocks of buildings on a vacant piece of ground close to the parish church. Negotiations are pending for an eligible piece of land in the City-road, about a mile from the Bank, as a site for three blocks of buildings. If this is secured a further sum of £8000 will be at once required, which will have to be raised by mortgage or by additional capital. The directors feel it necessary again to point out that favourable sites for the erection of additional blocks of buildings are frequently brought to their notice; but for purchasing or leasing these and for erecting buildings thereupon additional capital will be required. There are 180 unallotted shares, for which the directors are ready to receive applications. Resolutions were passed authorising the directors to mortgage the company's property, and declaring a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on the paid-up capital. Mr. Alderman Waterlow, in moving a vote of thanks to Lord Stanley, adverted to the influence which his Lordship had exerted as chairman in securing for the company the hold it had in the public estimation, and he congratulated the shareholders that, looking at the progress already made, and the profits realised, there was every ground for asserting that a profit of 5 per cent might be relied upon for the future. Sir Charles Fox alluded to efforts which his son was making towards raising the capital for erecting improved dwellings at Greenwich. Lord Stanley expressed his anxiety to do all he could to further the objects of the company. The only thing that could be said against them was that their capital was too small and their operations confined in consequence. He thought they might now legitimately ask the public to extend the funds at their disposal on the ground of the enterprise having proved to be commercially successful, as well as highly beneficial to the working classes. Mr. Alderman Finnis said he had felt all along that the best course would be to refrain from asking his friends to join in the undertaking until it had been made to pay, and now that that result had been gained he should certainly advise them to join.

THE RIGHT HON. FREDERICK PEEL is very much indisposed, and on Sunday last was extremely ill. The right hon. gentleman was unwell when he left town for Bury, and the fatigue and excitement of the contest had an injurious effect on his delicate health.

THE DERVISH OF TETUAN.

NEVER since the first occupation of Algiers by the French has that country excited so much attention as has been bestowed upon it during the Imperial visit; and this interest is likely to be maintained by the amended legislation which will, it is said, be the result of the personal inquiries and observations of Napoleon III. in his various excursions amongst the Arab populations.

The fact seems to be that Algeria is in a transition state, its material progress and the importation of European customs by the colonists having broken down many of the old superstitions and subverted the Arabic indifference; while the very nature of the native population seems to rebel against a government so totally at variance with the customs which they have been taught to consider as a sacred right.

Doubtless the Imperial party heard quite enough of remaining superstitions to excite their wonder during their visits in the provinces. They may have listened to wonderful stories of those seven fountains at Ayoun-Beni-Menad inhabited by genii of various colours, to whom the Moors sacrifice animals of the same hue as the particular genius at each spring where the women bathe; the whole party of pilgrims afterwards going into frenzied convulsions, during which they gnaw the thorns of the prickly pear, munch live coals, or swallow nails. They certainly heard of the old Marabouts—dirty old vagrants, many of them—whose names are connected with so many of the towns or villages where they were supposed to exercise a sort of miraculous agency. The Marabouts, however, were the principal if not the only ministers of religion in the remoter districts; then there are the Sunaques, whose doctrine is said to be a compound of Mohammedanism, Judaism, Christianity, and Paganism, and who, as a logical deduction from such a system, profess misanthropy, regard themselves as the most perfect of the human race, live in the desert, and feed on vegetables. The Cavaliers are strict in the observation of fasts, and also abjure animal food, and see visions; while the Santons maintain that good works, fasting, and self-denial refine the soul to angelic purity, and that when they arrive at a certain degree of excellence they can no longer sin. As a part of their discipline, some of them are dressed only in rags, while others dispense with even this imperfect attire; and in these respects, as well as in their wild gestures, strange penances, and extravagant observances, resemble the lower order of Dervishes.

It is not, however, in Algerian cities that these strange religious fanatics are now most often seen. Beyond Algeria itself, across the frontier, and in the cities of Morocco they may be met with, and are often regarded with devout respect, for the progress of civilisation and material advantage has not greatly affected the empire of Morocco, and the desert boundary which divides the French rule from that of the Emir has not yet been obliterated by the waves of European enterprise.

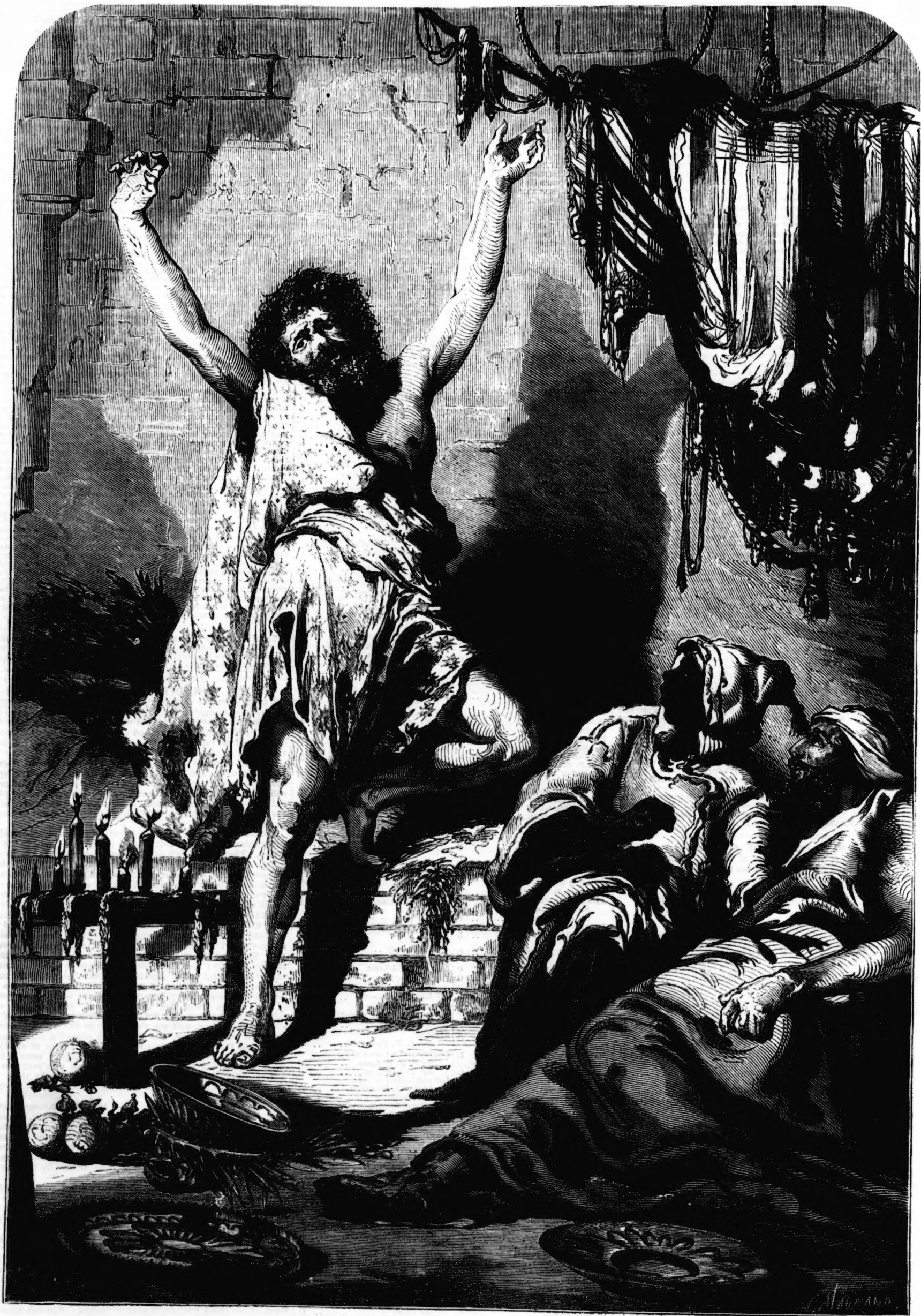
To see this there is no need to go to the capital, where the Moors are the labourers amongst the population, and the city itself is half in ruins. Any traveller from Gibraltar may enter a zebec and float across to the African shore, and land at Ceuta, which, with its great citadel, has been called the Botany Bay of Spain; and even here may see the low ebb of civilisation and the stagnation which keeps the population at a dead level.

At Tetuan, the commercial city, whose harbour is formed by the mouth of the river running into the strait, the same condition is obvious; and the scenes in its narrow, unpaved, up-hill streets afford a striking contrast to those of the larger towns of Algeria.

It is in one of the spaces amidst these streets that the sketch was made from which our Engraving is taken. Spanish-square is, in fact, the principal place in Tetuan; and it is a strange comment on the reputed opulence of this Moorish city that Spanish-square is about as wretched an inclosure as can be found in the worst quarters of a European town.

As in all the streets of Oriental cities, however, there is plenty of artistic attraction even amidst its squalor, and the effects of colour and picturesque types of costume compensate by their strangeness for all that underlies them.

One of the principal objects in Spanish-square is the Dervish, who is the subject of our Engraving. Night and day he resides in a sort of dim, dirty alley, which serves as a passage to the principal bazaar. Here he lies on a couch made of a few bricks built up in



TYPES OF LIFE IN MOROCCO: A DERVISH IN SPANISH-SQUARE, TETUAN.

an evil-smelling corner, and clad, or rather half covered, by a ragged "gandourah," composed of a sort of patchwork. This miserable being, shivering with low fever, occasionally breaks into paroxysms, in which he utters invocations to Allah, in an ecstatic, or rather epileptic, convulsion of fervour; and, in spite of his repulsive aspect, the Arabs will often come and seat themselves by his

side, at the same time endeavouring to soothe him with a tenderness not a little affecting.

Occasionally a passing horseman will stop in order to set up a lighted taper of yellow wax on a wooden stand in front of the Dervish's couch, and perform the act with as much reverence as is exhibited by a votary towards a saint in a Roman Catholic cathedral. Others

bring him presents of oranges, fruit, and coffee; and it is not an uncommon spectacle to see a magnificent-looking chief, fresh from the toilet, rub his flowing beard against the frowsy locks of this wretched fanatic, whose supposed sanctity invests him with a claim to reverence, which extends even to the very rags that are sometimes taken from his robe as precious relics.

NATIONAL RIFLE PRIZE MEETING AT WIMBLEDON.

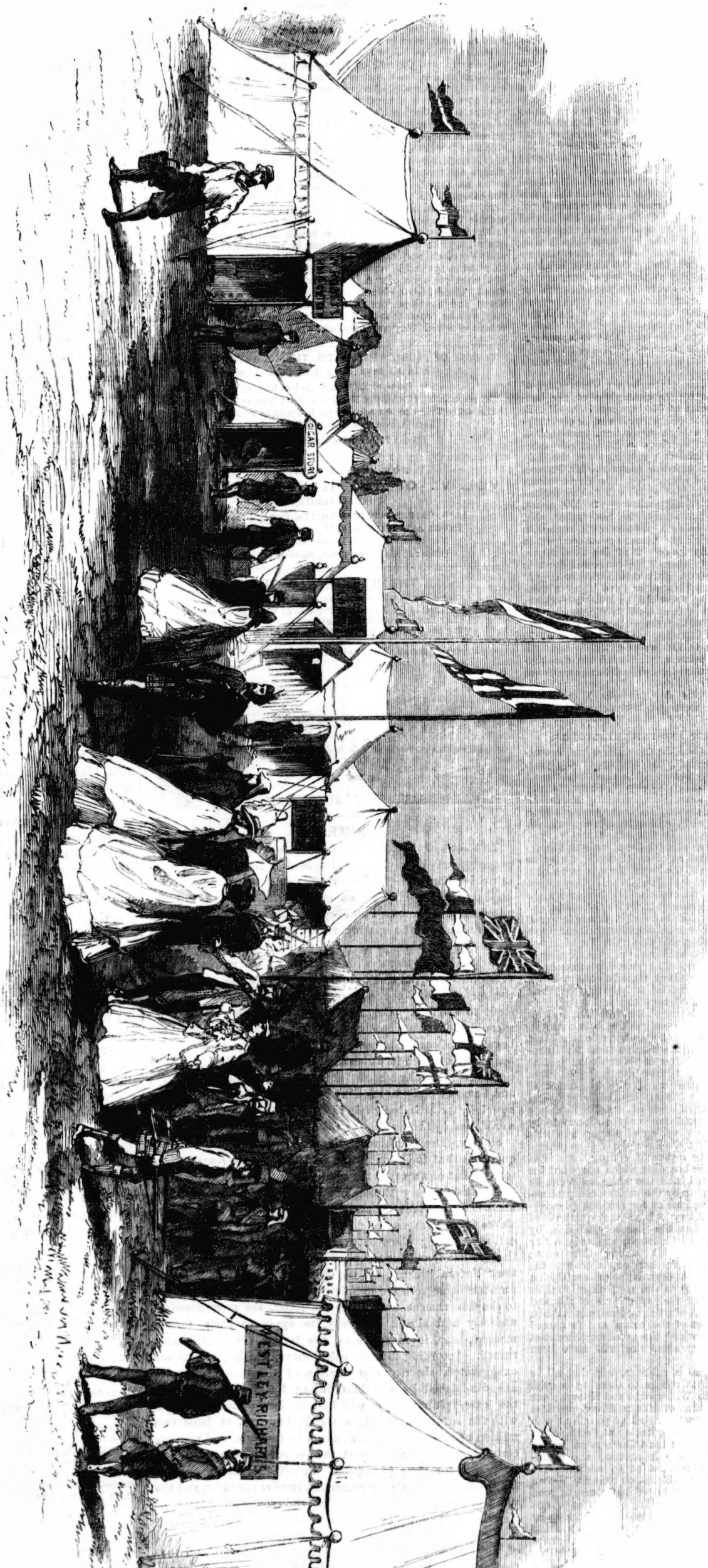
THE SHOOTING.

RESUMING our account of the doings at Wimbledon, we have to record that on Thursday, the 13th, the weather was by no means conducive to the comfort or favourable to high quality of shooting on the part of the volunteers. It rained almost without cessation during the day, and in the intervals when there was no rain the wind blew in gusts across the common, rendering it a work of exceeding difficulty for the competitors to calculate with anything like certainty the effect upon their firing. In spite of this, however, some very creditable shooting was made,

considering the difficulties under which the competition took place. The contest in which the greatest interest centred was that of the continuation of the first stage of the Queen's prize at 300 yards. The highest scores made—viz., 18—compared unfavourably with the result of last year, when the highest mark obtained was 19. The shooting for the Alexandra prize was continued, and the Enfield Association cup was advanced another stage. Besides other prizes, the *United Services Gazette* prize, at 800 yards; the first series of extra prizes, at 500 yards; and the *Daily Telegraph* prize, at 500 yards, were competed for. On Friday, the 14th, the weather was as favourable as on the preceding day it had been untoward. The result of the com-

petition for the first stage of the Queen's prize was looked forward to all day with strong and natural curiosity, regard being had to the fact that nineteen twentys of the competitors are released from attendance in camp as soon as the score is finally made up. Northamptonshire had every reason to feel satisfied with its position in the list. Not only were three of its representatives included in the roll of foremost shots, but of these one is Lord Spencer himself. He did not content himself, as he might have done, with his position of lord of the manor and member of the Council of the National Rifle Association, to the duties of which office since the commencement of the meeting he has devoted unceasing attention; but, as Major of the 1st Northampton

Regiment, he entered the lists with the rank and file of the volunteers, and gained the fine score of 41 points, which entitled him to one of the badges of the association, and in virtue of this to compete in the second stage of her Majesty's prize. The silver medalist and best shot in the first stage of the competition is Mr. E. Ross, late of Cambridge University and now of the London Scottish, the same skilled marksman who, at the outset of the volunteer movement, was first to win the great prize founded by her Majesty for the encouragement of rifle-shooting throughout her dominions. Mr. Ross made 47 points. The principal competitions on Saturday were those for the challenge vase, value 500 guineas, contributed in specie by volunteers in China, and



THE VOLUNTEER CAMP AT WIMBLEDON: WINDMILL-STREET.

restricted to efficient volunteers who had never won a prize at Wimbledon or at any county rifle association meeting, were distributed as follows:—

Winners of £10.	Points.	Winners of £5.	Points.
Private J. M. Hay, 1st Somerset ..	17	Sergeant Dennis, 2nd Middlesex ..	16
Private J. M. Hay, 1st Somerset ..	17	Corporal Chipperfield, 2nd Norfolk ..	16
Corporal Lee, 3rd Hants ..	17	Private Hilton, 2nd Middlesex ..	16
Sergeant Craig, 6th Northampton ..	17	Sergeant Hollingsworth, 6th Lancs ..	16
Winners of £3.		Private Frame, 14th Durham ..	16
Private James, 2nd Middlesex ..	16	Colour-Sergeant Black, 8th Warwick ..	16
Private James, 2nd Middlesex ..	16	Captain Wyde, 2nd Middlesex ..	16
Private Cope, 32nd Middlesex ..	16		

Among the promoters of rifle-shooting at Wimbledon, journals, daily or weekly, have not been the least active or zealous. Several, however, have wished to supplement the literary services which they had it in their power to render by pecuniary additions that might swell the prize-list. The *Spectator*, for instance, *Saturday Review*, *Daily Telegraph*, and *Volunteer*

Service Gazette are included in the list of donors this year, while last year the *Oxley* fitted into camp with a prize to be shot for, appropriately, at midnight. Upon the *Daily Telegraph* prize Mr. J. W. Benson, to whose hands its preparation was intrusted, has evidently expended much pains. The competition closed on Saturday, and Corporal Little, West Middlesex, was the winner, with a score of 19 points.

Monday was again a day when the rain, during a couple of hours, operated prejudicially upon the shooting; but, both morning and afternoon, the light and wind were all that could be desired. The volunteers, therefore, grumbled but slightly at showers which coincided very nearly with their dinner-hour, when shooting is, of course, suspended. Competitors who had been fortunate enough to obtain a place in the second stage of the Queen's prize, busied themselves during the day in making experimental practice with the new rifles, which were served out to them on Saturday, and expressed entire satisfaction with the results. The two most interesting competitions of the day were those for the dragon cup, restricted to the sixty best shots in the first

stage of the competition for the St. George's challenge vase; and for the "any rifle" Wimbledon cup, value £100, restricted to winners of prizes of the value of £50 and upwards in "any rifle" competition in previous years.

The dragon cup was carried off by Private J. Hamerton, 12th Middlesex, with a score of 22 points, made in seven shots at 600 yards. Captain Horatio Ross, 6th King's (Liverpool) took the Wimbledon cup, justly accounted one of the principal prizes of the meeting, with a score of 48 points, made at the 600 and 1000 yard ranges—a feat which, it is needless to say, has increased the confidence of the Scots in camp as to the issue of the match for the Elcho challenge shield. The other competitions of the day included the first and second stages of the Alexandra, the first stage of the Albert, the Highby rifle sweepstakes, and a variety of extra prizes. The great yearly premium for good shooting was contested and awarded on Tuesday. The second stage of the Queen's prize is always a competition of unusual interest, and on this occasion the curiosity as to the result was probably greater than ever, owing to the fact that so many well-known

names were included in the list of picked shots. The weather could scarcely be called favourable, seeing that it varied from bright sunshine at an early hour to dull shade in the afternoon, with occasional showers and strong puffs of wind. Mr. Edward Ross, concerning whose chance the greatest curiosity was exhibited, shot very steadily at the 800 yards' range, making 20 points, or five more than Private Sharman, of the 4th West York, the volunteer who eventually became the winner. But from that point onward he was unsuccessful. A remarkable evidence of the public belief in the skill and good fortune of the Ross family presented itself in the fact that, notwithstanding the doctrine of chances gave fully 500 to 1 against the likelihood that both the silver medal and her Majesty's cup would be carried off by the same hand, persons were willing to wager evenly that the double feat would be performed by Mr. E. Ross. At one time on Tuesday there was at least a score of competitors whose chances of winning were superior to those of Private Sharman. At the first range he made only 15 points; 18, 20, and in one case 23 being recorded against him. Lord Spencer's aggregate score of 39 at the first two ranges—made up of 16 at 800 yards and 23 at 900 yards—looked so promising that attention, and it may be added good wishes, were widely attracted to his shooting. It certainly would have been remarkable if, on the only occasion when the Lords and Commons have been precluded from shooting their usual match, a member of the Upper House had entered the lists single-handed and carried away the great prize of the meeting from amid 2000 selected representatives of volunteer corps all over the kingdom. As it was, although Lord Spencer was unable to distance all his rivals, his total score was such as to place him among the highest squad of the competitors. Sharman's shooting at the longer ranges was something marvellous. As bull's-eyes and centres were recorded for him time after time, it almost seemed as if he and the marker must be in league with each other. At 900 yards he made 25 points, and followed this up with 24 points at 1000 yards, raising his total score to 64 points—a limit which no one else was able to approach. Nearest in point of merit were the score of 59 points, gained by Ensign Black, of the 22nd Middlesex, and a score of 58 points made by Private Dawe, of the Victorias.

On Wednesday, the challenge plate, given by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, was won by the champions of the last-named institution, with a total score of 344 against 340. Mr. E. Ross took the Wimbledon cup, value 100gs., with a score of thirty-one points. To win this prize is a high distinction, inasmuch as winners of first prizes of £20 and upwards in Enfield rifle competitions at any of the former Wimbledon meetings are the only persons who can compete for it; and the fact that Mr. E. Ross succeeded in the more deserving of notice from the circumstance that the "any rifle" Wimbledon cup, of equal value, and limited in a corresponding manner to former winners of £50 prizes, was awarded, only two days previously, to his father, Mr. Horatio Ross. The Albert prize holds a position with regard to all comers very similar to that which the Queen's prize occupied in the case of efficient volunteers. By the results of the shooting in the first stage the number who have entered are winnowed down to a select class of sixty, who receive among them prizes amounting in the aggregate to £720. These sixty then enter on a further competition among themselves for a cup, value £100, or, at their option, £100 in money. The second stage was shot off on Wednesday and decided, as far as the general body of the competitors are concerned, Assistant-Surgeon Henderson, Midlothian, making a score of 70 points; but objection was taken to the weapon with which the highest score was made, and the point was reserved for consideration. Several other competitions were decided, but those mentioned were the most important.

The grand review takes place this day (Saturday), on which occasion the prizes won during the meeting will be delivered to the successful competitors.

THE CAMP.—WINDMILL-STREET AND THE THEATRICALS.

The great meeting of the National Rifle Association has become, to a very large number of volunteers, the holiday of the year. There is, doubtless, a wonderful fascination in a short experiment of life under canvas and under a clear, sunny sky. With the country round Wimbledon rendered still more picturesque by the white tents, a better summer treat could scarcely be desired, especially as the volunteer camp-life includes few of the disagreeable duties which belong to that of regular troops. To tell the truth, though there are uniforms, dress and undress, all over the place, and though from morning till night the ping and swoosh of the bullets may be heard from party after party firing at the butts, there is more of a civil than a military air, after all, about Wimbledon. One misses the "regulation" appearance, and yet one also happily misses the desperate slovenliness that frequently belongs to the British soldier and his surroundings. It seems pleasantly doubtful whether one in five of the volunteer rifle men assembled at Wimbledon connect their excursion with warlike considerations. And they are quite right, for, although the force itself was founded on the possibility of war, the meeting of the National Rifle Association is one which is solely intended to encourage proficiency in shooting without regard to education in other military duties. That the association adopted the very best means for keeping the volunteer force together, and supplying a permanent interest after the first excitement had subsided, may be seen by every visitor to the camp who notices the keen interest, the enjoyment, the jollity displayed by the detachment of the great national army under canvas. Indeed, the visitors form no inconsiderable part of the floating population of Wimbledon just at present, and from morning to night they are conveyed from railway station to camp in the most wonderful assortment of vehicles that was ever disinterred from disused sheds and stables for any public occasion. Omnibuses of antediluvian date creak and jolt along the roads, and are only superseded by waggons, four-wheelers, and every variety of box upon wheels known under the general name of "fly." Everybody is so pleased to be at the camp, however, that the means of getting there is of little importance; and when once the hoarding which shuts out the first corner of the common is passed, and the white tents can be seen clustered in the positions taken up by the various companies—the flags making a hundred gay landmarks for anxious friends—enthusiasm knows no bounds. Away where the quarters of the London Scottish are marked on the heathery hillside by that great banner everything is quiet enough, and only a few cosy parties are strolling in and out among the tents; but down in Windmill-street, and further on, amongst the Victorias—who seem to be the great organisers of social fun and jollification—the scene is as lively as the soft, clear laughter of women, the chatter of children, and the gay colours of silk and muslin, mingled with the soberer hues of rifle uniforms, can make it. Windmill-street is the Regent-street of the camp, and is named after the Windmill, from the top of which the great experiment of lighting the camp at night by magnesium wire will have been made before our Number is published.

In Windmill-street the rifleman, as a rifleman, will find all he needs in tents where everything that relates to shooting is sold. Thus, there are big tents devoted to Whitworths and Henrys; one or two equally large which, like that of Messrs. Silver, provides camp chairs of luxurious construction, belts, pouches, pith hats, hammocks, rugs, and displays outside a great chest full of those white cap covers that give the volunteers an Indian veteran appearance. Then there is the haircutting and shampooing tent, and the "cigar divan," represented by a diminutive canvas cover, stretched over one long table set on tressels. Down Windmill-street, beyond Gossip-row, may be seen, of course, a good many varieties of uniform, not the least striking being that of one efficient corps whose make-up seems to be combined of the Swiss mountaineer and the British foxhunter, the knee cords contrasting admirably with a braided jacket and a hat with a cock's plume; but the whole toilet, when seen upon stout members of the regiment, irresistibly reminds one of Mr. Tupman at Mrs. Leo Hunter's fancy-dress breakfast. Through Windmill-street, amidst the gay laughter of a dozen merry parties, and we come to the tents of the Victorias, a score of whom are just now engaged in amusing themselves as best please

their erratic fancy, while an amateur band, having taken possession of the regimental instruments, are blowing, each one according to his own sweet will, in a comic combination of discord. Round amongst the quieter tents, on the brow of the hill, looking towards the butts, the tent furniture is often luxurious enough; and it is wonderfully pleasant to see the interest that ladies take in those bachelor arrangements, just the same sort of wondering interest with which the dear creatures regard the berths and cabins on shipboard, and are full of astonishment that any number of men can exist, even in tolerable comfort, without their own superintending genius. Just below this spot the business of the meeting is going on, and the rush of the bullets is all that is heard, except an occasional monosyllabic grunt from the competitors as they take each other's places. Nobody seems to take much notice of them, for just now there is a band playing somewhere, and a large party is going to Mr. Jennison's great refreshment building to have tea; while a still larger party is bound for the exhibition-tent, where the prizes are displayed and the silversmiths have their stands. Beyond this stands "the club," a grand, carpeted, double tent, with handsome lamps suspended from the roof, and furnished with inviting chairs and couches, where, amongst other papers, the *Evening* is to be found, full of witty comments on things relating to the camp. Still further on is a long, handsome canvas structure, ventilated at the top by small oval windows, and a placard outside announces that this is the theatre. There are stalls and ordinary seats, and a grand piano beside the orchestra; and such a quaint, toylike little stage that one is reminded of one's boyhood and Mr. Skelt, and expects to see the characters shovelled upon a tin slide at the end of a piece of wire. They are not, however; for in the performance of "A Wonderful Woman" and "Boots at the Swan" the St. George's amateurs acquit themselves as unlike pasteboard and tinsel performers as can be reasonably expected; and it may well be hoped that their efforts will increase the funds for the benefit of which they are intended.

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THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES

for JULY 29 will contain, among other Engravings:—

The Arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Plymouth.

The Landing of their Royal Highnesses.

Laying the Foundation-stone of New Blackfriars Bridge.

The Cattle Show at Plymouth.

Private Sharman, Winner of the Queen's Prize, at Wimbledon.



SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865.

AMERICA.

THE news of the execution of Payne and his companions has produced but little effect in England. No criminals seem so richly to have deserved their fate; and there is now some hope that there may be an end to the reign of military tribunals in America. Public opinion throughout the northern States seems to be getting more and more in favour of leniency; and there is at present very little reason to fear that the Government will disgrace itself by treating Mr. Jefferson Davis, not as a conquered enemy, but as a felon. In the meanwhile the South seems gradually to be resigning itself to its fate. Colonel Mosby, who swore, after Lee's surrender, that he would never desert the Southern flag, has begun practice as a lawyer; and the Governor of Kentucky has made a speech in which the following remarkable passage occurs:—"God has brought about the destruction of slavery, and I am not going to raise my puny arm against His decrees, especially as he is backed by the people of the whole civilised world, and by the people of our own country."

Slavery, then, is doomed. Nevertheless, of all the difficult questions that the termination of the war still leaves to be solved, that of slavery is the most difficult of all. It is understood that slavery throughout the United States is to be abolished; but there is some danger that, with slavery, the slaves themselves may be destroyed. We hear, constantly, of collisions taking place between large bodies of negroes, on the one hand, and the troops of what was formerly known as the "Federal" army, on the other. In the south immense numbers of negroes are completely destitute, and, on turning to the Government authorities for relief, are recommended, uselessly and almost ironically, to apply to their former masters, who, in many cases, are themselves irretrievably ruined. According to some calculations, which we hope are exaggerated, the negro population of the southern States has diminished by one half during the war. If such be the case, philanthropy will find it less difficult to deal with the survivors. There are still, however, at least two million negroes whose future cannot be foreseen, and who are certainly not able to support themselves unless special laws be passed for their protection. But, if they are protected, they will not be free; for protection implies restraint, and the unfortunate black population of the southern States of America are to enjoy every kind of liberty, including liberty to die of hunger or of yellow fever. It is true that the negroes of the northern States find plenty of work to do, and that they are prosperous, though despised; but the negroes of the south are, for the most part, absolutely incapable of any work but field work, and the fields on which they were formerly

employed are now everywhere thrown out of cultivation. Many of the plantations will no doubt change hands; but, in the mean time, the actual proprietors are without capital and cannot work them, while the labourers are receiving neither the wages of the freeman nor the plentiful rations of the slave.

Since the conclusion of the war, and, above all, since the assassination of President Lincoln, there has been a great reaction in England in favour of the North. The Northerners have now everything their own way. They have been victorious at home and they have gained sympathy abroad, at the very time when, least of all, they were in want of it. Frederick the Great said, cynically and falsely, that Heaven was always on the side of "les gros bataillons;" but it is quite true that there is a natural inclination among men to take the part of the most successful of two combatants. Accordingly, more than one of our contemporaries, who formerly was convinced that the Southerners were in the right, and that the Northerners neither could nor ought to gain the victory over them, are now ready to admit that, after all, everything may have happened for the best, and that at least one good result has come from the war since slavery has been abolished. To have been abolished, however, advantageously for the slaves themselves, it should have been done away with gradually. As it is, the slave is in the position of a tame bird suddenly liberated—that is to say, turned out from the cage in which he had been accustomed to live, and forced to pick up an existence as best he can under quite novel and unsuitable conditions. This matters, however, very little to our theoretical philanthropists. Their quarrel was with slavery, the very name of which irritated them and drove them foolish. As Danton exclaimed, "Perish the colonies rather than a principle!" so their cry might have been, and, truly interpreted, was, "Perish the slaves rather than that slavery should be maintained!" Indeed, some of the American writers say frankly that what they chiefly object to in slavery is its demoralising effect upon the masters. This is plain speaking; but, if the interest of the slave is to be taken into consideration at all, it seems to us evident that the slave ought not to have been suddenly deprived, as he has been, of the protection he had been accustomed to receive. Without setting free all at once those who were not likely for some time—if at any time—to profit by their freedom, the condition of the slave might, by a few simple legislative enactments, have been most materially improved. It might have been made illegal to break up families. The slaves generally might have been placed in the position of agricultural serfs and for a term of years attached indissolubly to the soil. Then, the children of slaves, and all slaves after a certain probationary period, might have been declared free.

But the South, it may be said, would never have consented to such legislation as this. We know, however, that, on the proposition of General Lee, the Southern Congress was very near liberating an immense number of slaves absolutely. Moreover, to obtain recognition from Europe—if there had ever been the slightest prospect of such a thing—the Southern Confederacy would have been obliged to make some acceptable declaration as to its intentions with respect to slavery. And, finally, whether it desired or not, it would (as Mr. Gladstone once pointed out) have been compelled to ameliorate the condition of the slaves most materially in order to take from them all inducement to effect an easy escape to the free territory of the Federal States.

American slavery was destined to be brought to an end in a more violent manner. But, unless something very like a system of modified slavery is re-established in the southern States, it will evidently go very hard indeed with the slaves. We hear sometimes of good people who "hate sin but cannot hate the sinner." We are afraid that among American philanthropists there are a great many persons who hate slavery but, above all, detest the slave. This is certainly not the case with our philanthropists, who simply do not understand the difficulties of the slavery question (as, by-the-way, the Northern Americans used themselves to tell them not half a dozen years ago), and who only want to be assured, as a matter of law, that slavery is abolished, without troubling themselves at all about the consequences of such an enactment, either to the slave or to anyone else. It was to distress the proprietors, not to benefit the slaves, that slavery was done away with in the southern States of America, and all that can be said, hitherto, about the measure is that its true object has been attained.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES has given a donation of £50 to the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children, the wards of which are now being enlarged to receive fifteen additional patients.

A MARRIAGE is arranged between Miss Airey, daughter of General Sir Richard Airey, and Mr. Angerstein.

MR. AND MRS. A. WIGAN are about to make a professional tour in America.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, in his election address, described Government, upon the question of Reform, as "playing at bob-cherry with the nation."

BULLFIGHTS are about to become a feature among French amusements.

THE LODGER FRANCHISE, it is said, would raise the constituency in Lambeth to 80,000 voters.

THE ZEBRA in the London Zoological Gardens dropped a fine foal a few days ago.

THE DISAGREEMENT between Spain and Chili has been amicably settled in a manner honourable to Chili and satisfactory to Spain.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT is about to send Senor Ulloa as its Ambassador to the Court of the King of Italy.

THE LEADING LIBERALS in HALIFAX intend to present Sir Charles Wood with a testimonial in recognition of his eminent services to the borough as its representative for thirty-three years.

A SUDDEN AND VIOLENT STORM happened at St. Petersburg a few days ago, which is represented to have done a vast deal of damage.

TWO HOUSES IN CHANDOS-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN, which were in course of demolition, fell on Tuesday evening. One man was killed and several others placed in imminent peril.

THE LAST MAN OF THE TASMANIAN ABORIGINAL POPULATION has shipped as a seaman on board a whaling-barque, and has gone to brave the perils of the deep in the whale fishery.

VICTOR HUGO is at present finishing a novel, in two volumes, entitled "Les Travailleurs de la Mer." It is a study of the manners of the coast population of Jersey, Guernsey, and the other Channel Islands.

A DONKEY upset a beehive at Churston Ferres a few days ago, when he was attacked by the bees and so severely stung that he died in a few hours.

THE SWEDISH TOWN OF CARLSTAD, the capital of the province of Wernland, has been totally destroyed by fire.

A VERDICT OF MANSLAUGHTER has been returned against William Bevan, manager of the colliery at Tredegar, where the fatal explosion recently occurred, on the ground of his not exercising sufficient care to keep the workings in proper order.

A WEST INDIAN PAPER professes to know a sovereign remedy for diphtheria. Here is the recipe:—"Take a common tobacco-pipe, place a live coal in the bowl, drop a little tar upon the coal, draw the smoke into the mouth, and discharge it through the nostrils."

THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT have their eye on Russian doings in Central Asia, and they have, it is said, determined to send a native agent, but not an accredited one, with the Kokanee Envoy, to ascertain the real state of affairs.

THE PROPRIETOR of the *Egyptian*, published at Alexandria, has been compelled to stop the issue of his paper for a fortnight in consequence of his Maltese composers and workmen being panic-stricken and leaving the place on account of the cholera.

A GRAND REVIEW OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS was held in Hyde Park, on Tuesday, by his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief and a brilliant Staff. The weather was fine, and the men never looked in finer condition. It is understood that this will be the last review for the season.

IN THE BREADALBANE PEERAGE CASE an Interlocutor has been issued finding it proved that "John Alexander Gavin Campbell (Glenfalloch), Earl of Breadalbane and Holland, is nearest and lawful heir" to the late Marquis of Breadalbane, to the exclusion of the claim of Charles William Campbell (Boleland).

ALL IS WAR and revolution in South America. The revolution in Peru is gaining ground. A third revolution has broken out in Bolivia. A revolution has broken out in Ecuador, headed by Urbina. The revolutionists in Salvador have been defeated by the Government troops.

MRS. LONGWORTH YELVERTON sued Mrs. Forbes Yelverton for damages for publishing parts of a letter in the *Examiner* of Jan. 10, 1863, and sought to attach some books alleged to belong to Mrs. Forbes Yelverton; but the Court of Session held that she had failed to prove that the books belonged to Mrs. Forbes Yelverton.

A FATAL DISEASE has made its appearance in the townships Hay, Hibberd, and Uborne, in the county of Perth, Canada, and has caused several deaths. The attack generally commences with a pain in the back of the head or neck, the body gets spotted in a few hours, delirium then ensues, then death.

CANARIES have bred this year worse than they have been known to do for years, owing to the birds moulting about the breeding time, instead of in August, the usual period. This curious fact, it is believed, is owing to the peculiar temperature of the summer.

THE BELGIAN COURT OF CASSATION has sentenced the Minister of War to a month's imprisonment and 300*fr.* fine for his duel with M. Delaet, who had been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine. It is expected that the King will commute the sentence of both.

THEY KILL PIGS BY STEAM in Chicago. A great iron claw, with five fingers, hooks out the pigs which are quarrelling in the pen below, and lifts the porkers to a gibbet near by, and then plunges them again into scalding water. By the machine fifty porcines are killed, scalded, scraped, cleaned, split, and hung in rows, ready for salting, within an hour.

THREE ENGLISH GENTLEMEN lost their lives while descending the Matterhorn, in the canton Valais, Switzerland, on the 14th inst. Their names are stated to be Lord Francis Douglas, the Rev. Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Haddo.

THE STRIKE of the carpenters and joiners in the employment of Messrs. Cabitt is likely to be followed by a general lock-out by the associated master builders of the metropolis.

THIRTY-SIX NEW POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS will be opened in London and the suburbs on the 1st of August.

THE GREAT EASTERN, with the Atlantic telegraph cable on board, sailed from the Downs on Monday, and arrived off Valencia, Ireland, on Wednesday.

MR. LAWSON, the champion of the Permissive or Maine Liquor Law scheme, is one of the defeated candidates at the present general election. Mr. Somes, another active mover in the line of sumptuary legislation, has met with a similar fate.

THE CHOLERA is rapidly subsiding in Egypt, and the deaths at Alexandria are daily decreasing. In Constantinople, however, the dreaded disease is spreading, notwithstanding the strict sanitary precautions which are said to have been adopted.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT PLYMOUTH.

PLYMOUTH has this week been honoured with signal marks of distinction. There was the show of the Royal Agricultural Society, which attracted vast numbers of visitors; and there was, besides, a mixed fleet of armed French and English vessels in the Sound, which, perhaps, attracted still more. In addition to this, there was a visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales. In fact, Plymouth was in for a decided holiday; and the doings there will, no doubt, be a leading subject of conversation all over the country for some days to come.

Excepting, and hardly excepting, the ground at Worcester, which overlooked the magnificent scenery bounded by the Malvern Hills, the showyard of the Royal Agricultural Society at Plymouth is the most charmingly situated of any in which they have ever yet held a meeting. From the highest part of this inclosure of more than thirty-five acres a view is gained of Plymouth Sound and the green heights inclosing it, of Drake's Island, of the Breakwater, of the Hoe and Citadel, of the Three Towns, and of many outlying villages, home-steads, orchards, corn-fields, and meadows. A portion of the stupendous railway works of Saltash is also observable on approaching the ground; and the whole scene, viewed from the high road of Penryn, is full of picturesque animation. The showyard and the fair which has sprang up around it look, in the clear distance, like a coloured chart, or rather model; and, as one approaches the reality, other scenes of equal prettiness come upon the sight. The offices, implements, sheds, &c., are admirably arranged as usual, and the number of stands and articles is very large. The implements fill sheds having a total length of 6700 ft., the machinery in motion takes up 1576 ft. more, the seeds and models occupy 760 ft., and the live stock is lodged under 5651 lineal feet of roofed shedding. As compared with the Newcastle meeting last year, we have here about the same number of implements, but 165 fewer entries of stock, and only about three fourths of the number at Worcester.

The implement-yard, of which we publish an Engraving, was opened to the public on Monday. The company was but small, owing probably to the high prices of admission, and to the fact that numbers of those interested in the mechanical portion of the exhibition were on the trial-ground at Woodford Farm, Marsh Mills.

The show, with its accompanying displays of agricultural machinery and field produce, was in many respects remarkable, and was, as a whole, up to the average, if not above it. Of course, the collection of Devons was very much over the ordinary mark; and, equally of course, the class of shorthorns was comparatively poor. There was an admirable assemblage of Channel Island beasts; the utmost expectation that could have been formed of this part of the show, from the proximity of the islands and from the number of prizes offered, being more than fulfilled in the reality. The sheep crosses were especially strong in Leicesters, Southdowns, Shropshires, and the increasingly valuable breed of Oxford Downs, for which, among other advanced agriculturists, Mr. Charles Howard, of Biddenham, has done so much. The pig classes were generally well maintained, most of the well-known breeders having sent animals already distinguished as prize-winners.

The trials of machinery took place at Woodford Farm, Marsh Mills, about three miles from Plymouth, and attracted a large share of attention. The machines in operation consisted of drills, horse-hoes, reaping-machines, mowing and reaping machines combined, &c. That the judges of drills, &c., had tough work in their department will appear when we enumerate the nine general-purpose drills, the fifteen corn-drills, the fourteen small-occupation corn-drills, the two hill-side-delivery drills, the fourteen turnip-drill on the flat, the eight turnip-drills on the ridge, the five drills for small seeds, the four drill-presses, the eight dry-manure distributors, the three liquid-manure drills, the five liquid-manure distributors, and the nine

horse-hoes on the flat, all of which had been subjected to actual trial several days. The drills were worked in turn with the requisite varieties of seeds and manures, the construction and mechanical details examined, and selected drills made to deposit upon hard road, where the regularity of distribution could be seen, as well as worked for some time with the coulters in pulverised soil. Hornsby's arrangement of the manure barrel in the common-drill is an effective improvement. Coultas has introduced many simple but peculiarly valuable details into his first-class drills for all purposes, more particularly the copper "tins" for artificial manure. Reeves has furnished his liquid-manure drill with a cylinder that prevents the cups from breaking; and Sainy has brought out quite a novelty in the shape of springs instead of weights upon the drill-levers—an invention that lightens the implement and adds to its efficiency where level and well-pulverised seed-beds are to be sown. In dry-manure distributors little advance has been made upon Chambers's barrel, with scrapers for sowing either minute or considerable quantities per acre. Priest and Woolnough's horse-hoe now competes against the novel implement of Sainy with the spring levers and light lifting frame supplanting the old chains and winding-barrel, and Hornsby brings out a horse-hoe having a swing steerage operating with spring hangers in an exact and easy manner. These weeding implements were tried upon young growing rye, and again upon a turnip crop; and as fair a testing was bestowed upon them as the time would permit; though it often happens that the merits of a good tool of this sort fail to appear until the farmer has had it home and thoroughly mastered every point in its somewhat difficult management.

The first reaping-machine set to work on Monday was that of Mr. Wray, of Beedale, Yorkshire, followed by that of Mr. Brenton, of Polbathick, Cornwall. Messrs. Smith and Co., of Banbury, started their well-known machine "Eclipse," and at the commencement its work was well and satisfactorily done, but its powers were so strained in going against the hill, in which the machinery got so choked and the stoppages were so frequent, that the proprietor withdrew it from the ground. Mr. Bamforth, of Thirsk, Yorkshire, tried a one-horse reaping-machine, which made satisfactory work in cutting, but the sheaves made were very indifferent. This may be said also of Messrs. Hornsby and Son's two-horse side-delivery machine, which was next tried. A second machine, a one-horse grated platform reaper, also failed in going up the field, a process which proved a difficulty to all the machines. The other machines tried were two self-raking machines, by Samuelson and Co.; a reaping-machine, by the Beverley Ironworks Company; a self-acting side-delivery reaping-machine, by Mr. Robert Hillard, of Taunton, Somersetshire; a self-acting swathe delivery reaper, by Hornsby and Son; a self rake-side delivery-machine, by Messrs. Wood and Son, Upper Thames-street, London; an American reaping-machine, introduced by Burgess and Key, of Newgate-street, London. This machine did its work well, and was generally approved of, as was also a second machine introduced by the same parties.

The combined mowing and reaping machines were next worked. Among the competitors were Samuelson and Co., Wood and Son, Burgess and Key; Mr. Barber, of Liverpool; and Mr. Hillard, of Taunton. The last-named two competitors withdrew from the contest soon after the commencement of work, their machines proving quite unequal to it.

THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE FETE.

THIS annual fête which, by the majority of the visitors to the stalls, boxes, and pits of the London theatres is anxiously looked forward to as a very enjoyable holiday, was held on Saturday the 15th, the anniversary of the festival of St. Swithin, and on Monday, the 17th. On the first day the weather was brilliant, but on the second the rain fell, and kept falling, with pitiless obstinacy. However, the roof of the Crystal Palace is water-tight, and "London town is very rich, its daughters wondrous fair;" and while under cover, perhaps the holiday-seekers on the Monday enjoyed themselves as much as the more fortunate visitors on the previous Saturday.

The total number of visitors on the Saturday was 20,295, of which 8533 were season-ticket holders. 11,762 persons paid their five shillings admission. The dresses, the faces, the bonnets, and the ribbons and millinery generally, of the fairer portion of creation, were as gauzy, as bright, as breezy, and as variegated, cloudy, diaphanous, fashionable, and charming as ever. For the men—they smiled behind their beards, and appeared to enjoy the affair as much as Britons could consistently with their own personal dignity.

The exterior and the interior of the Sydenham Palace are too well known to need description. The arrangements of the Dramatic College Fête and Fancy Fair are also known to many thousands. Those who have not witnessed its humours we advise to do so next year, and to turn to our Artist's Illustration on another page for an idea of the scene on Saturday and Monday last.

Before beginning our account of the shows, the stalls, and all the fun of the fair, let us object to the "amateurs" who so forwardly and ineffectively attempt to amuse the public. Who are these very silly people, and how is it we find them mixed up with London actors and actresses? The money-spenders at the Dramatic Fancy Fair desire to buy a photograph or a nickname of Peg Woffington herself, or of Lemuel himself, to exchange words with that strange population they are accustomed to contemplate in the far-off land on the other side of the footlights. They do not wish to purchase playbills, or flowers, or eau-de-cologne of people who have no more relation to the drama than St. Paul's Cathedral has to the Alhambra in Leicester-square. Neither do they wish to see their performance—to listen to their singing and banjo-playing, or to be bored with their "patter" at the platform of Richardson's Show. It is understood that the booths and the stalls are to be acted in and presided over by real live London performers, not by their skim-milk and imbecile toadies. Actors and actresses assemble and assume to be showmen and shopkeepers for the benefit of their less fortunate brethren. They do not want the aid of Spooney of Bayswater or of Sappy of Pimlico, well-intentioned though those weak-headed young gentlemen may be. The help from *them* that the college requires is from their porte-monnaies, and not their performances; and that a decent, well-bred, civil-spoken young man, for the mere sake of self-display, should attire himself in a large wig, and redder his nose or cover his face and hands with burnt cork, and perspire dirtily among a crowd which they cannot make laugh, appears to us to be one of the most incomprehensible forms of human vanity. Oh, love of approbation, through what mires and into what sloughs dost thou not lead thy votaries!

But, to leave the inanities and to come to the realities, the fair was opened shortly after noon by Mr. Robert Romer, who was attired as a herald, and who went through the ceremonial with a gravity worthy of a better libretto. For the shows, there was the time-honoured Richardson's, where Mr. Keeley sat as superintendent of finance and chief money-taker, and inside which was enacted "a drama, in five shudders, entitled The Smuggler's Doom; or, The Sailor, the Siren, and the Secret," in which Mr. J. Clarke played a British tar, Mr. Robson a bold and villainous smuggler, and Mr. Atkins Mary, the Pride of the Village. In another drama, called "Alberto De Burgo; or, the Twin Brothers of Mantua," Mr. Andrews, Mr. Vincent, Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Maclean figured in various melodramatic characters. And later in the day the Vagrant Club performed a sensation, called "The Piratical Pirate of the Precipitous Precipice; or, the Premeditated Prey of Proud Power, and the Prodigious Proper Plight of the Preposterous Plunderer"—a title which struck us as more extravagant than humorous. Amateurs do not seem to be aware that a purpose and a point are required in burlesque; and such a long string of meaningless alliteration is, at the best, sham Byron and bad Burnand. At Wombwell's menagerie Mr. Addison as the showman, and Mr. Joseph Robins as Van Amburgh, exhibited a collection of highly-trained bipeds and quadrupeds, including two painted donkeys of the genuine Jerusalem breed. At the Ri-toole-i-o-rama

Mr. Toole, aided by Mr. Paul Bedford, delivered a lecture on Mr. Blanchard's famous song of "A Horrible Tale," illustrated by pictorial views, taken from—and a very long way from—nature; and gave a lecture in German. Mr. Toole concluded the entertainment by lighting up a thin wire, called magnesium by the scientific, and illuminating the light and fairy form of his celebrated colleague, Mr. Paul Bedford. Mr. Sothorn, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Widdicombe, and Mr. Frank Matthews did the honours at the Aunt Sallys. Mr. C. J. Smith and Mr. Stephenson figured as My Lord and Clown in attendance on Jack-in-the-Box; and Mr. Robert Romer, who had thrown off his heraldic costume, footed it lightly in voluminous muslin as My Lady. The Royal Punch-and-Judy show was superintended by Mr. H. Rivers; and, at the Wonder of the Age, Mr. Gray, Mr. Ashley, and Mr. Robert Soutar, with the valuable assistance of Miss Farren, sold lithographic souvenirs of the fête.

But our space will not permit us to describe the shows at length. There were a fairy post-office, a gipsy cave, an abode of love, a circus and hippodrome, a Royal weighing-machine, Professor Anderson's Tandapameibonosticon; a lecture on comparative anatomy, written by Mr. Burnand and delivered by Mr. Felix Rogers; a Cristalospaliosionian (whatever that may be), a hall of merry Momus, "bother the flies!" drums, gongs, shouts, row, crash, cram jam, squeeze, movement, fleuristes, hawkers, talkers, occupation, flirtation, botheration, lost chaperons and chaperones, wonder, amusement, recognitions, variety, and no change.

The arts and literature were represented by "Naudin's Portfolio" and the "Royal Dramatic College Annual." The Portfolio contains a photographic view of the college at Maybury and a scene from the comedy of "Masks and Faces," so admirably executed that the spectator cannot say which is Mrs. Stirling or which Peg Woffington; which Mr. Webster or which Triplet; which Mrs. Stoker or the dramatic author's wife. The Annual is a very well printed newspaper, containing contributions, more or less comic, by several gentlemen, among whom the names of Messrs. Mark Lemon, Boucicault, Planché, Sketchley, Friwell, Andrew Halliday, Tom Taylor, Robert Bell, Burnand, Tom Hood, Byron, Hollingshead, Leslie, Yates, Craven, Pierce Egan, Stirling Coyne, Oxenford, E. L. Blanchard, J. Brougham, Paul Bedford, and W. Brough are most familiar to the public. The editor of the Annual is Mr. Benjamin Webster, jun.

We now come to that portion of our subject to which the late Mr. Thomas Moore, author of "Lalla Rookh," "The Loves of the Angels," "Paradise and the Peri," and other poems, or George Gordon Byron, author of "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Beppo," and other successful little trifles, might have done justice—the stalls in the fancy fair. Prose is "all too weak to paint their charm," as a modern song-writer might say; but as newspapers are not written in verse—which is a thing to be thankful for—one must endeavour to give a faint outline of their temptations in the usual manner.

Opposite the Handel orchestra stood a gigantic beehive, and in this beehive—layers of banded straw without and honeycombs within—Mrs. Howard Paul and several fair assistants disposed of all sorts of fancy articles at all sorts of fancy prices; and, apropos of the beehive and Mrs. Howard Paul, that accomplished lady is about to aid the charity by raffling a portfolio containing sketches which have been kindly contributed by all the principal artists of the day. The chances are one guinea each, and the collection, which we have seen, is well worth £200. We hear that the beehive realised over £100. The stalls, which stood erected in their accustomed place, in the square opposite the orchestra, were presided over by Mrs. Stirling, to whom compliment were but a superfluous tribute; Mr. Alfred Mellon, (who sold a capital portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens, the work of Mr. William Romer, which had been presented to her by Mr. Andrew Halliday,) Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Belton, Miss Fanny Hunt, Miss Katherine Hickson, Miss Lavine, Miss Fanny Morelli, Miss Amy Sedgwick, Miss Maria Simpson, Miss Henrietta Simms, the Misses Pelham, Miss Sheridan, Miss Alice Evans, and Miss Louise Laidlaw. Before the stall superintended by the lady last mentioned we saw a young gentleman, aged about eighteen, emptying his port-monnaie madly. He hovered round the enchanted spot as if not even impudently had power to drive him away. We passed, repassed, and passed again; he still was there. After dinner we looked upon the stall once more; he had not budged a foot. He looked pale and wan. Perhaps he had not dined. What was dinner to him? Again we saw him: the stall was vacant, but he still remained, looking still paler and more wan. Perhaps he had lost his return-ticket.

One quotation from Mr. Paul Bedford's contribution to the "Dramatic College Annual," and our agreeable task is done. Here it is:—

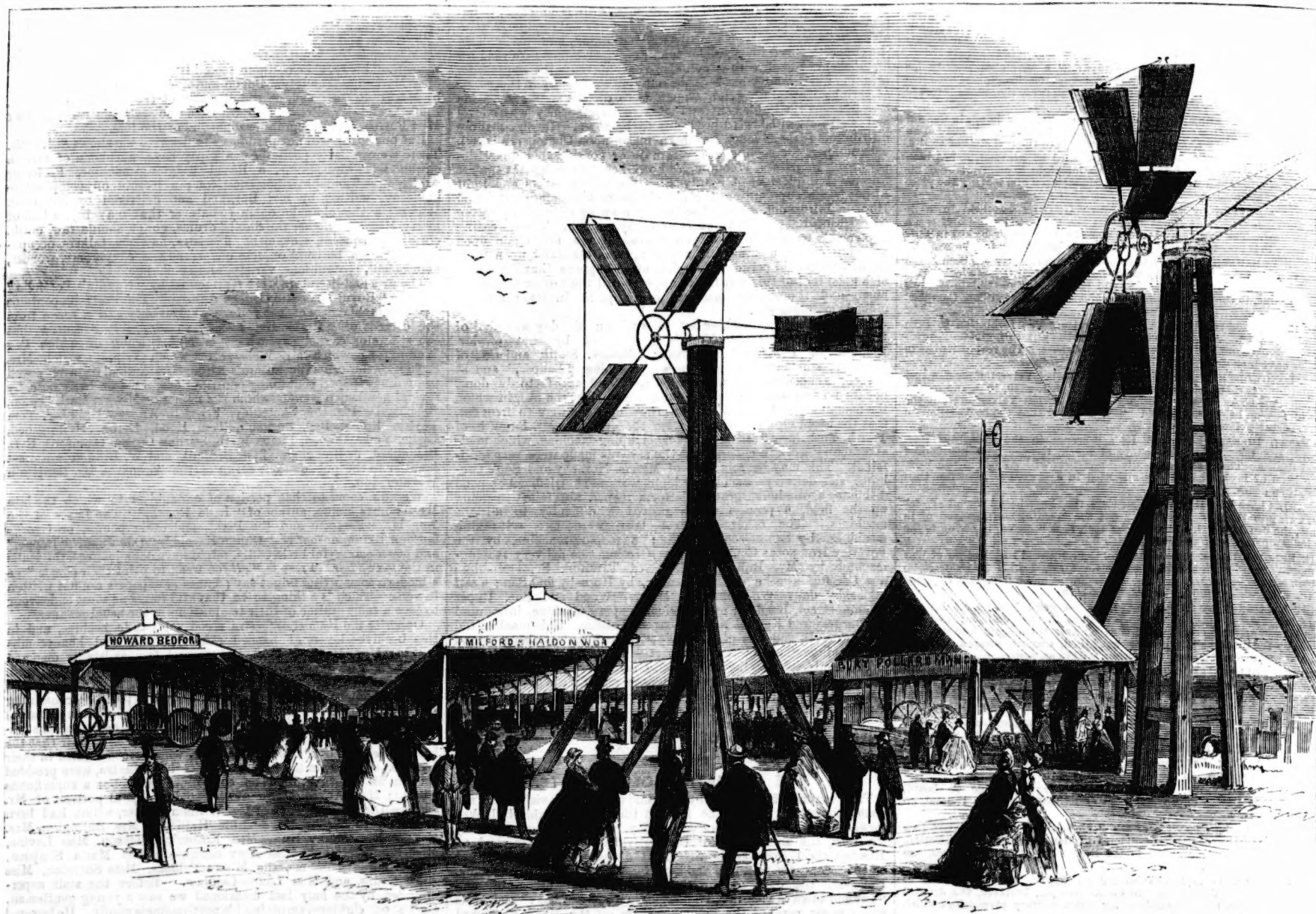
The annual mainspring of happiness and delight to me is viewing the joyous throngs who yearly congregate at the Crystal Palace gatherings.

Well, this year the "gathering" is over, and next year, when it takes place, let us hope it may pass off as pleasantly and profitably as the festivity last past.

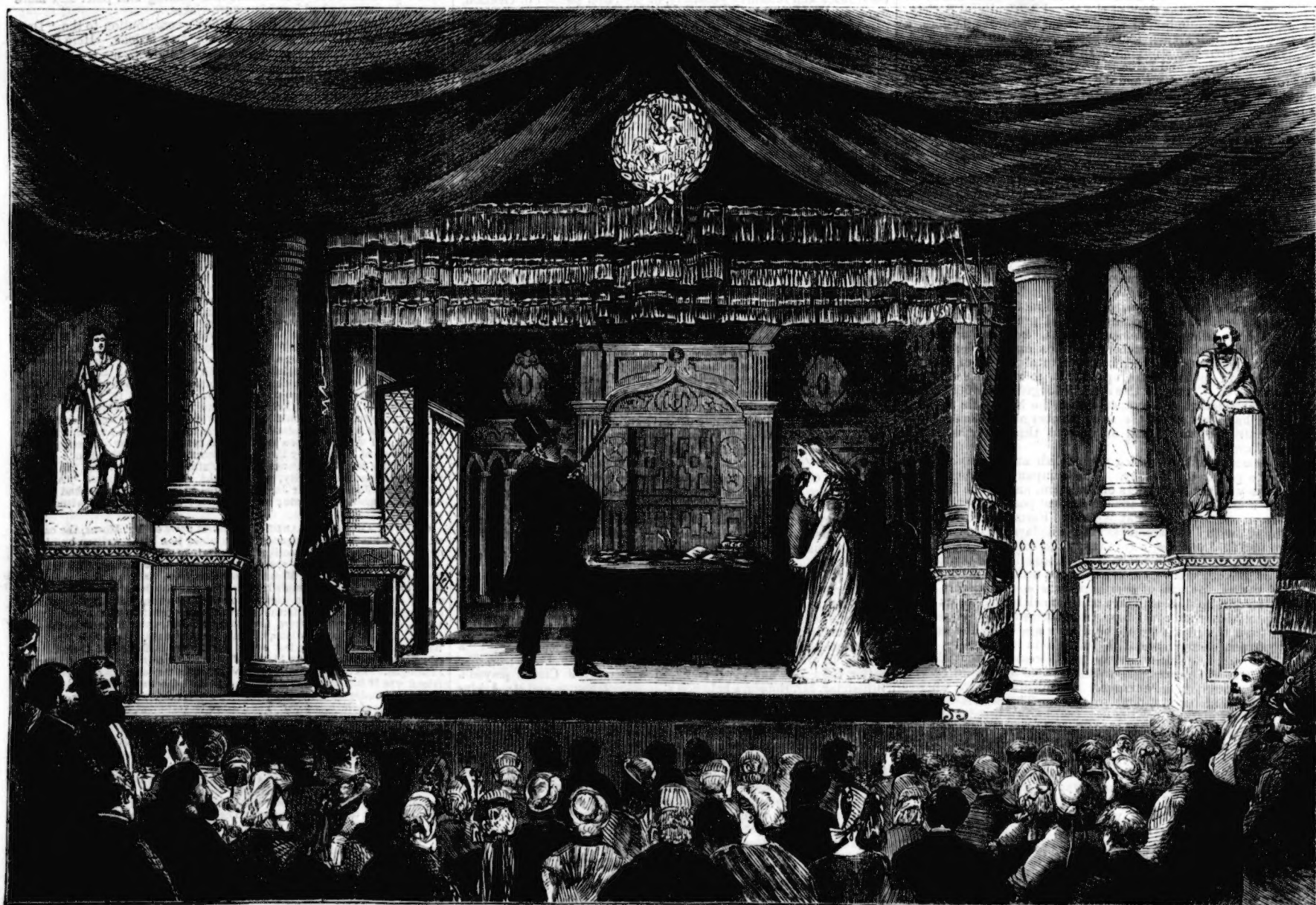
NEW BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.—The foundation-stone of the new Blackfriars Bridge was laid with much ceremony by the Lord Mayor on Thursday afternoon, the whole Corporation and high civic officers marching in procession from the Guildhall, and assisting at the ceremony. In the evening the Lord Mayor entertained the whole of the Court of Common Council, with several persons of distinction, at a banquet at the Mansion House, in honour of the occasion, following in that respect the precedent of Lord Mayor Garratt on laying the foundation-stone of London Bridge forty years ago.

MUSICAL ACCENT.—At a trial in the Court of King's Bench, between certain publishing-tweedledums and tweedledees, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of "The Old English Gentleman," T. Cooke was subpoenaed as a witness. On cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, that learned counsel rather flippantly said:—"Now, Sir, you say that the two melodies are the same but different. What do you mean, Sir?" Tom promptly answered, "I said that the notes in the two copies were alike; but with a different accent." Sir James: "What is a musical accent?" Cooke: "My terms are a guinea a lesson, Sir" (A loud laugh). Sir James (rather ruffled): "Don't mind your terms here. I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?" Cooke: "A musician can" (Great laughter). Sir James (very angrily):—"Now, pray Sir, don't beat about the bush, but tell his Lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about it, the meaning of what you call accent?" Cooke:—"Accent in music is stress laid upon a particular note, as you would lay a stress on any given word, for the purpose of being better understood. If I were to say you are an ass, it rests on *ass*; but if I were to say you are an ass, it rests on *you*, Sir James." Retorted shouts of laughter by the whole Court, in which the Bench joined, followed this repartee. Silence being obtained, Lord Denman, the Judge, with much seeming gravity, accosted the chaffalancing counsel, "Are you satisfied, Sir James?" Sir James, deep red as he naturally was, had become scarlet in more than name; and, in a great huff, said, "The witness may go down."

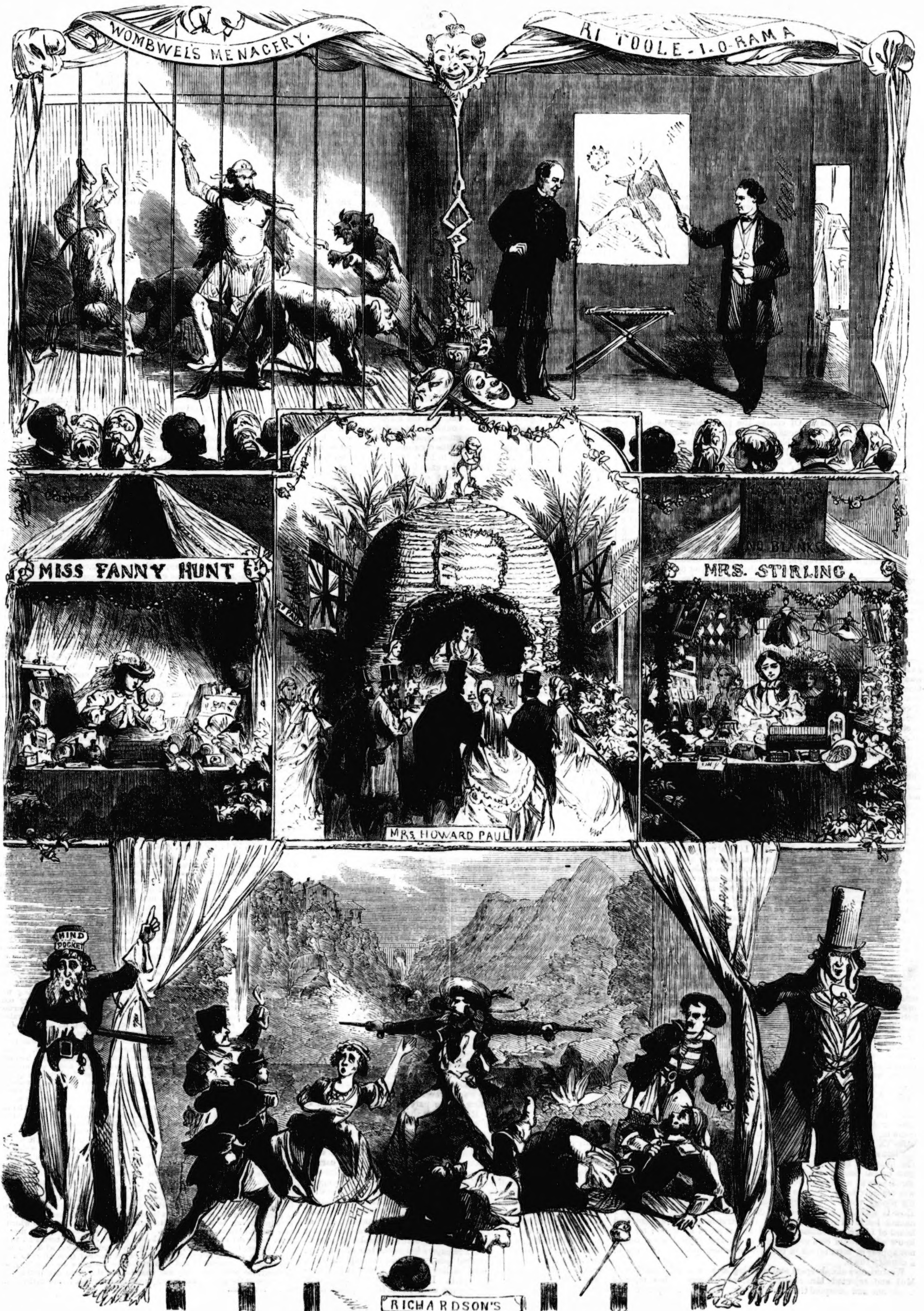
CAPTIVE AMONG BRIGANDS.—The latest news of Mr. Moens, the captive still in the hands of the brigands, is contained in a letter written by himself on June 29, in which he describes his sufferings and the threats held out by his captors to enforce the speedy payment of more money. We can only trust (says a friend of Mr. Moens who writes from Salerno) that these wild men, knowing their prisoner's friends are exerting themselves to the utmost to pay the money, and to mitigate the severe measures taken by the military authorities, will refrain from carrying into execution the awful threats which they have uttered from time to time. But, apart from this, the most terrible dangers of his position, the miseries and hardships which Mr. Moens has undergone during the last seven weeks, are sufficient of themselves to cause the deepest anxiety to his friends should his captivity be much further prolonged. The sum originally demanded for the ransom of Mr. Moens and his friend was 50,000 ducats, or £8500. It was settled between the captives by lot that Mr. Aynsley should go to get the ransom, Mr. Moens remaining as hostage in the hands of the brigands. The Italian Government has been making the most strenuous exertions to capture the brigands, or to starve them into surrender; but they as yet continue to baffle their pursuers. At the same time, the severe measures resorted to by the military and civil authorities in the province of Salerno have placed immense difficulties in the way of Mr. Moens's friends communicating with his captors. Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, Mr. Moens's friends have succeeded in paying a large sum of money to the brigands, who still hold out for the sum originally demanded; and they now seek another opportunity of paying such further sum as it is in their power to pay. The money has to be paid in gold, at the time and place appointed by the brigands. Their messenger can only carry a certain amount, and he has to pass through the cordon of troops surrounding the district at the risk of his life. The brigands themselves are frequently unable to meet their messenger, owing to the vigilance of the troops; and, when so baffled, they generally disappear from the neighbourhood for a fortnight or so, after which nothing can be done till they make another appointment.



THE IMPLEMENT YARD AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT PLYMOUTH.



THEATRICALS BY THE ST. GEORGE'S RIFLES AT WIMBLEDON: SCENE FROM "BOOTS AT THE SWAN."—SEE PAGE 38.



THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE IETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE LOUNGER AT THE LAKES.

I WRITE this week from Keswick, at the foot of Skiddaw. This notable Cumberland mountain fronts my window. One day it stands out boldly against a clear, cloudless sky; on another, it is capped with a cloud, or wreathed rather than capped; for the head of the monarch rises clear above the nebulous ring. I shall have something more to say about Skiddaw; for I mean to get to the top of it, weather permitting. Other mountains, and fells, and dales, and waterfalls, and lakes of this wonderful country may also inspire a few lines during the month or six weeks which I mean to stay here. At present I have hardly got shaken well down into my nest, and have made but one excursion, and that but a rapid one. Meanwhile, I present your readers with a story which I picked up in Borrowdale, into which I shot, merely to get a glimpse of this famous valley—famous for wonderfully picturesque scenery, tall men, and those notable plumbago mines, known so well to artists all over the kingdom. I lunched at the Royal Oak, Rothwaite, and, after luncheon, adjourned to the capacious kitchen to smoke my pipe, and have a crack with the landlord; and from him I got my story.

Hoonister Crag is a huge mountain rock, some miles from Rothwaite. The material of this rock is slate; and one side of it, which rises sheer 1500 ft. high, is cut up into galleries and chambers, where hundreds of miners quarry out slates. This rock and its neighbourhood is famous for what are called hereabouts "twirlblasts"—that is, in our southern dialect, "whirlwinds." We have whirlwinds, or twirlblasts, in the south of England. I myself have seen them, on a hot summer's day, sweep across a hay-field, catching up the hay in their paths and scattering it about the field. But these whirlwinds are, in the south, not dangerous. They are not of sufficient force to lift up heavy weights; but the twirlblasts at Hoonister are very dreadful things, and much feared by the natives. They will move stones of a hundredweight and more, and carry them to a great distance. Well, about fifteen years ago, three men—father and two sons—were walking home from their work, when suddenly a well-known southerner in the air and other signs proclaimed that a twirlblast was near; and thereupon the three men, as the custom is when these noises are heard, threw themselves flat upon the ground, the father in the middle. Presently the twirlblast swept over them, and when it was past the two sons rose, nothing doubting that all three had escaped; but, alas! the father was gone. There was the place where he lay, but he was not there. Him, in short, the dreadful twirlblast had picked up and whirled away. This they could not doubt; for but a few minutes ago he was there between them and almost close to them, but now he was gone. They hurried home and told what had happened. Scouts were sent out in every direction, and in a few hours the poor man was found. The felon twirlblast, like a boa constrictor, had wrapped him in its folds, carried him aloft as an eagle would carry a chicken, and swept away with him a mile from the spot; and then, its strength and force failing, had dropped its victim into a valley. Of course the poor fellow was dead—stifled, perhaps, in the poisonous embrace of this fell demon—for the country people say that this blast is foul and poisonous—or, what is more likely, killed by his fall. At all events, he was dead—stone dead—and his body much disfigured. This is my story; and when I heard it I doubted for a time. But, when I came to consider, how could I doubt? There were two men in the kitchen besides my host, who, with him, remembered the event well; one of them had seen the corpse; and, moreover, when I got back to Keswick, I found, on inquiry, that the event is well remembered there and all the circumstances known. But, strange enough, the romantic story has never got into the guide-books. We have the harrowing story of the loss in the snow of George and Sarah Green, so well known to all the readers of De Quincey; the narrative of the loss of Charles Gough on Helvellyn, embalmed in the beautiful verses of Wordsworth, repeated in every guide-book that you open; but this Story of the Twirlblast and its Victim has, so far as I know, never been printed. I imagine that the event happened rather too recently. Southey had been dead some years, or he would have chronicled it. De Quincey had long ago left the neighbourhood, and Wordsworth was either dead or in extreme old age. Undoubtedly, if Wordsworth had heard of it, and could have moved a pen, we should have had it embalmed in a sonnet. This demon Twirlblast, swooping down the mountain side and picking up this poor man as a hawk swoops down and picks up a sparrow, and sweeping away with him to dash him down to the earth a mile away, would have been just the subject for Wordsworth's muse. One of the men with whom I conversed at the Royal Oak told me that besides that southerner of the wind mentioned above, sometimes Twirlblast heralds his approach with a noise like thunder, and occasionally may be seen in shape of a column of bluish mist, and even smelt as he passes by—all which given, the existence of this demon one can easily imagine. Buckle tells us that inhabitants of mountain districts are prone to be superstitious; but really superstition itself could hardly exaggerate the attributes of this dreadful Twirlblast. At all events, one may say that no man endowed with the faculty of imagination can help fancying, at times, that this must be some living sensible spirit, and not a mere compound of air and gas.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

I FORETOLD some time back that the election would make but little change in the numerical strength of the two great parties, and my prophecy, I may say, is verified. The Liberal party will gain a little. It will be about as strong as it was immediately after the general election in 1859, before the Conservatives stole away from it ten or twelve seats, one by one, as vacancies occurred. But, though the relative change of the two parties will not be great, we shall see a good many new faces in the new House, and miss a good many old ones. Mr. Lawson we shall not see again, nor Mr. Somes. These two men threatened to do great things with their permissive bill. We were told that this question would turn a good many elections, but I do not learn that it has turned more than two—viz., that for Carlisle and that for Hull—Carlisle, which Mr. Lawson, and Hull, which Mr. Somes, has lost. In truth, Messrs. Somes and Lawson went out shooting, and have shot themselves. They have been hoist with their own petard. Mr. Collins, too, is gone. Tom Collins, as he was always called in the house, will be really missed; not that Tom was one of our famous men, probably very few of our readers ever heard of him. Nevertheless, he was a well-known character, and had his uses. Colonel Taylor will certainly miss him, for Tom was a very useful ally of the Conservative whip. If the gallant Colonel wanted to get rid of the House, Tom was the man to do it; and he would not sneak up to the Speaker's chair and whisper in his ear, but would rush in boldly, and from his place move that the House should be counted. He at times, also, did good service by talking against time. It was he who kept up the debate upon the Oxford Oath Bill, in 1864, to enable the Colonel to get up his men. A division upon the third reading had already taken place, and there was a tie; whereupon a debate arose upon the question that the bill do now pass. The discussion languished, and another division seemed imminent; and, as one more Liberal had come in, the bill would have been carried. But at this moment Tom Collins arrived, and then all was changed. He rushed into the house, sprang to his feet just as the Speaker was about to put the question, talked for half an hour, during which the Colonel got up a couple more men, and the bill was thrown out. But it was as leader in a row that Tom shone the most. Here he was transcendent. In the wildest of hurricanes you might hear his piping voice. Such was Tom Collins. But, alas! he is gone. How it was that Knaresborough came to turn its back upon him I cannot learn. Perhaps some of the straitlaced people there had heard of his eccentricities, and did not approve of them; for you know what would be a great merit in Colonel Taylor's eyes, might not appear so meritorious in the eyes of sober, quiet inhabitants of a country town.

Westminster shopkeepers and working men returned John Stuart Mill and rejected Mr. Smith. Oxford University has rejected Gladstone and accepted Gathorne Hardy. Look on this picture and

on that, and try to discern the significance of these two events. John Stuart Mill could not have been well known to the shopkeepers and working men of Westminster; but he went to them with the reputation of a profound thinker, and was at once accepted. Gladstone is well known at Oxford as one of the great representative men of the age, an elegant scholar, the foremost orator of the house, the most successful Chancellor of the Exchequer that England has had for a hundred years; and yet Oxford has rejected him and taken to her arms a Gathorne Hardy. What can we say to this? Well, there is an old provincial proverb which tells us that "like likes like;" and it is so. Oxford takes Hardy and rejects Gladstone because Hardy is of the two really the better—that is, the fitter—representative of Oxford. The accomplished, brilliant, ever-flowing Chancellor of the Exchequer does not, and of late years never has, represented Oxford; but dull, wordy, illogical, stagnant Mr. Hardy will be just the man for the old Conservative University. It was a forced and unnatural connection that between Gladstone and Oxford; but this between Oxford and Hardy is perfectly natural. Here, in short, we have the principle of "natural selection" working out its legitimate results. Let us not, therefore, quarrel with the change; for it is perfectly right and proper. Oxford University will be much better represented in Parliament by Hardy than it ever was by Gladstone. It was time that our high-mettled racer should be unyoked from that heavy, lumbering, old cart.

"The nicest people have the nastiest ideas;" and the most professedly religious people have the least charity—that is, in the sense of love, kindness, good-will, and consideration for others. This conviction was forced upon me when reading the accounts of the election at Belfast. The great manufacturing town of the north of Ireland is professedly the most religious place in the Green Isle, and the most zealous for Protestantism. And yet Belfast violates both religious and Protestant principles most egregiously. She forgets that good-will and kindness are the cardinal virtues of Christianity; but that is an old story. She also seems to repudiate the principle of Protestantism, which took its name because it was a protest against interference with personal liberty of thought and action. But Belfast Protestants allow no liberty to any one but themselves, and care nothing about violating the rights and wounding the feelings of their neighbours. On the nomination day the Courthouse was filled exclusively by Orangemen, who hooted, howled, raged, flourished bludgeons, and even attempted to assault the Liberal candidate. That is the notion the Belfast Protestants have of freedom of election. Then, on the day of the declaration of the poll, the mob, while waiting for the Mayor to state the numbers polled, elected a notorious Sandy-row Orangeman to the chair, sang party songs, made party speeches, and uttered most offensive tirades against their opponents and their religious opinions and rites. This is the notion the Belfast Protestants have of good taste, decorum, and the manner in which the grave duty of choosing legislators ought to be performed. A good deal of license is allowable at election time, and that license has been taken freely at most places on this occasion; but Belfast seems to have gone beyond all bounds, and to have brought disgrace both upon their town and upon the popular exercise of the suffrage.

I have just come from the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new Blackfriars Bridge by the Lord Mayor, and, as the whole of the proceedings were confined to the civic dignitaries, without any admixture of aristocracy, the affair was of the regular family-party order. The fact is that the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and commonalty of the City are very capital people in their way, and get on admirably when they are left to manage these affairs according to civic precedent—that is to say, when they begin with a queer sort of half-ceremonial pageant and end in a sort of jovial and familiar good-humour. Amongst themselves they rapidly sink the official character in that of the boon companion or the next-door neighbour. The worst of it is that they are so insufferable in their merely official capacity, and especially to those who have the misfortune to be Corporation servants and are too honest to truckle.

Apocryph of this, I overheard a wonderful admission to-day by a civic dignitary, whose confidential conversation filled a gap in the proceedings. Speaking of some mutual friend, he observed, "I respect that man—though he's an officer of the Corporation, he's an honest man." It is wonderful with what enthusiasm the ladies sat in the galleries, amidst beams and spars, gazing at the stone suspended by a chain and waiting for the Lord Mayor. I seemed to know half the people round me, somehow; I must have seen them in the City dozens of times—and I was glad to recognise that they had made a capital arrangement for dispensing champagne and cakes to the fair visitors who sat so patiently under the awnings, which kept out sun and air together. It was altogether lucky that this refreshment was provided with a liberality which is the happiest characteristic of civic occasions, for in many parts of the town—I was going to say building—nothing could be heard and very little could be seen. However, the company cheered the Latin inscription; listened to the Lord Mayor, whose voice rose in a faint murmur; laughed with genuine appreciation at the absurdity of the mace, the sword, and the trowel; and, finally, many of them joined the procession of hired flies, while others, tucking their blue gowns under their arms, escorted the ladies to the omnibuses. Champagne from private stocks was dispensed at the very doors after the ceremony; and I had the pleasure of witnessing the discomfiture of an Under Sheriff (a great stickler for official dignity and a dragon to the officers of the Corporation), who couldn't wet his whistle in consequence of having no wine ticket and being unable to corrupt a virtuous cellarman.

I hope the managers of the Dramatic College Fête will not regard a bit of grumbling as an act of hostility. What I am about to say I mean in kindness, as well as in earnestness. To start with, then, the arrangements of the railway, from Victoria, were shameful. The 2.20 train was filled with passengers, most of whom had taken first-class tickets, but were, nevertheless, compelled to accept third-class seats. This did not so much matter; but, after filling the train, it pleased the authorities to stop it at every station, and literally to hurl, head first, the ordinary third-class passengers into carriages already containing their full complement of ladies and gentlemen in fête costume. Now, Bill Corduroy, in a sand-pit or a brick-field, may be a very estimable person; but when thrust into a fully occupied carriage, on a scorching Saturday in July, only a few hours before his weekly wash, he is scarcely a desirable companion, even although he may block up the window with his hussieshoulders instead of sitting in somebody's lap, and though he may whistle an operatic melody to show his gentlemanly assurance. Next, I would urge that under no circumstances should amateurs be allowed to take part in the fête. I will not enter upon the moot question as to whether amateurs may or may not be as amusing as professional actors. But the public at this fête wishes to see the playfolk, and does not care two straws for the cleverest amateurs. I recognised on Saturday several gentlemen in no way connected with the dramatic profession, yet nevertheless taking active part in the entertainments. I also marked that in the Richardson's show, when the amateurs performed, Mr. Nelson Lee, in private dress, persisted in standing on the stage with his back to the audience, while pretending to be quite unconscious of being visible to the "front." Worse still was the public exhibition of two fellows connected with the only disreputable entertainment yet permitted to be carried on in London. On this matter I say no more. One point still remains. At the "Hall of Merry Momus" the low comic songs of the music-halls were sung by their appropriate singers. I saw an assemblage, principally of ladies, sitting while the Great Somebody or other sang that most detestable nuisance entitled "Slap Bang," and vainly appealed to his audience for a chorus. His vocal relation of the humours of the Argyll Rooms appeared to bewilder the junior portion of his fair auditors, while astute matrons displayed unequivocal contempt and disgust. The expression on the face of one lady, evidently the wife of the clerical gentleman who accompanied her, spoke, if not volumes, at least leading articles. I make these comments in the most friendly spirit. I spent a most pleasant day, and, in spite of all annoyances, my walk home from Sydenham to

Belgravia (for I would not again enter the train) was cheered by most pleasant remembrances.

Since my last writing I have been investigating the great question "W-w-wot'th Wothlytype?" Dundrearily propounded last week. It is certainly the beginning of an entirely new phase of photography, though it is nothing more in reality than a new method of printing from negatives. This is an advantage for those who have already succeeded in obtaining a good negative portrait—which is not always easily obtainable—for they can have the pictures printed from it by Herr Wothly's process, and thus get all the additional advantage of the delicate toning and fine gradations of light and shade thereby procurable. A visit to the United Association of Photography, 213, Regent-street, will be enough to convince anyone of the superiority of Wothlytype (pronounced wuthlytype) over ordinary photography. For ladies, and elderly people (the lines in whose faces are obtrusively exaggerated by the common method), the new process is admirably suited. Too often the likeness which a carte de visite bears to the original is mere caricature, chiefly on account of the strong marking of little details, which Herr Wothly's pictures soften down;—and, by so doing, they increase the resemblance. Among the specimens exhibited by the association I may mention, besides Brother Sam, the best likeness I ever saw of Toole, a delightful portrait of Mrs. Stirling, and very interesting pictures of Miss Braddon, Shirley Brooks, and the Duke of Newcastle, and a comically-characteristic head of the author of the latest work on the Holy Land. One great advantage the Wothlytype possesses over the old process is that which will be most readily appreciated by those who find the cartes in their albums already showing signs of fading. The Wothlytype picture is permanent.

Apocryph of things photographic, I hear that the Dowager Queen of the Sandwich Islands sat to Messrs. John and Charles Watkins, of Parliament-street, last Wednesday.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The playbills of the West-End theatres have remained "as they were" during the past week, except in two instances. A new farce, called the "Mudborough Election," has been produced at the PRINCE OF WALES, and "The Toodles" has been brought out at the ADELPHI.

First, of "The Toodles." It is a very bad piece; but there is one good part in it, and the only good point about that good part is the opportunity it affords a favourite with the public for simulating drunkenness in an odd, exceptional, extravagant sort of way. Mr. Toodles was a pet part with the late Sir William Don, who brought it from America, where it had been popularised by Mr. Burton, an English actor, who finding, like many other English actors, that small cliques and managerial jealousies debarred him from making fame, name, and money on this side of the Atlantic, crossed the ocean and made a fortune in the States. "The Toodles," which distinctly belongs to America, is now being played at the Adelphi, with Mr. Owens, the American comedian, in the principal character. His Toodles is a much less forcible and artistic personation than his Solon Shingle. Nowadays drunkenness is out of date. The taste of an audience changes with the times; and, as fewer drunkards disgrace our streets and society than formerly, the exhibition of intoxication in its various phases has become less entertaining.

"The Mudborough Election" is the work of Messrs. Brough and Halliday, and possesses the element of conventional fun generally found in the joint productions of these ingenious gentlemen. The scene takes place at an inn in the country. In consequence of the absence of opposition a "walk over" for the borough is expected, much to the dissatisfaction of the interested proprietor of the inn, who wishes to let his large rooms to rival committees, and to vend ale, beer, spirituous liquors, and tobacco to an ardent and thirsty constituency. The innkeeper, with the assistance of a lawyer, persuades his waiter, who is a new arrival, and whose face is unknown in the borough, to present himself as the third candidate for the honour of the suffrages, &c. The waiter addresses the constituency in a mock speech, is persecuted by a sweetheart whom he loves and by an amorous widow whom he hates, for she is old and clamorous, for back rent. Dislike as he is fertile in expedients as love, and the waiter candidate uses the "lift" attached to the coffee-room for the purpose of being rid of his old love and being off with the new. "The Mudborough Election" is a very funny little affair, and is played very briskly.

Miss Milly Palmer has been making great success at Liverpool and Manchester in Arrah-na-Pogue and other characters. On dit that she is shortly to return to London to appear in the principal part in a new play written expressly for her.

MR. GLADSTONE'S FAREWELL TO OXFORD.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has addressed the following farewell address to the members of Convocation in the University of Oxford:—"Gentlemen,—After an arduous connection of eighteen years, I bid you respectfully farewell. My earnest purpose to serve you, my many faults and shortcomings, the incidents of the political relation between the University and myself established in 1847, so often questioned in vain, and now at length finally dissolved, I leave to the judgment of the future. It is one imperative duty, and one alone, which induces me to trouble you with these few parting words: the duty of expressing my profound and lasting gratitude for indulgence as generous, and for support as warm and enthusiastic in itself, and as honourable from the character and distinctions of those who have given it, as has, in my belief, ever been accorded by any constituency to any representative." The state of the poll, at the close on Tuesday evening, was as follows:—Heathcote 3236; Hardy, 1904; Gladstone, 1724.

MARYPORT LIFE-BOAT.—A grand demonstration took place at Maryport, a few days since, on the occasion of the launch of the new life-boat just sent there by the National Life-boat Institution. Some thousands of people from the town and surrounding district witnessed the interesting procession. The cost of the station, amounting to £250, was paid by Henry Nixon, Esq., of Manchester. It will long remain a monument of his philanthropy, and we trust that others will follow his example in this great and laudable work. Although living far inland, Mr. Nixon will thus be directly, by his life boat, assisting in the national work of saving the lives of shipwrecked sailors. During the past eighteen months the life-boats of the institution and shore-boats have contributed to the saving of more than one thousand shipwrecked persons. For these services rewards amounting to upwards of £2000 were voted. The institution has also expended in the same period £30,000 on its life-boat establishments, of which it has now about 150 under its charge. The number of lives saved by the life-boats of the society or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards since its formation is 14,366.

CHEAP MUTTON AND BEEF.—On Saturday last an undertaking was inaugurated, the result of which will probably be to cheapen very considerably many descriptions of animal food, which form an essential portion of diet in this country. It is well known that many objections were raised to the *chargu*, recently imported from South America, on account of its uninviting appearance, and especially for its toughness, as in most cases it defied the culinary abilities of inexperienced housewives, and was proof against the masticatory powers of those for whom it was prepared. Should the principle of the discovery under notice prove to be sound, cheap beef and mutton will soon be plentiful enough in this country; and it will not only be esteemed on the score of economy, but on account of wholesome quality and inviting appearance. The directors of the Fresh Provision Preserving Company (Limited) have recently erected a "factory" at Wennington, near the Rainham Station on the Tilbury line; and at this factory assembled, on Saturday afternoon, a goodly company of ladies and gentlemen, who had been invited by the directors to inspect the scene of future operations, and to hear an explanation of the process. The method adopted to preserve provisions is the invention of Mr. Richard Jones, who is manager of the company. Without entering into an elaborate description of the process, it will be sufficient to say that joints of meat are inclosed in tin cases from which the air is expelled; that a small portion of preservative acid is introduced; that the cases are then made perfectly airtight; and that, as it is asserted and proved, uncooked meat will thus remain good for a very long period. Although at present the directors have only confined their attention to the preserving of meat in this country, it is intended to carry out the invention on a large scale in Australia, South America, and other countries where beefs and sheep roam in thousands and, where the prime joints can be had at about 2d. per lb., and to export large quantities of this meat, which, it is anticipated, can be sold retail in England at about half the price which is now paid for our beef and mutton. To test the soundness of the process, meat preserved on the principle adopted by Mr. Jones has been sent to the East Indies, Ceylon, Egypt, and many other hot climates, with the most satisfactory results, as proved by testimonials received from those to whom the meat was forwarded, and who tested its freshness and quality. Dr. Letheby, the celebrated analytical chemist, has also given his testimony to the value of the process, and has expressed his entire confidence in the results of the invention.

Literature.

Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

The Civil War in America will, no doubt, furnish a fruitful theme for bookmakers, and will occupy the "Muse of History's pen" in a variety of forms. Some one will, of course, by-and-by, write a comprehensive and impartial history of the origin, progress, and result of the great struggle; but the time for that is not yet. We shall, meanwhile, have partial, and probably one-sided, histories, personal narratives of actors in the drama, biographies of the men who have figured prominently on the scene, and tales of love and war founded on incidents that have or may not have occurred. The histories, narratives, and biographies we shall be glad to welcome as contributions towards the materials necessary for writing the great historical work which, we anticipate, will one day see the light. The theme is a grand one, and will fully task and be worthy of the highest rank of historical ability. But, as we have said, the time for writing such a work is not yet, nor will be, probably, for years to come.

Meantime, we must be content with works of a less important character; and among the first to make its appearance, of the personal narrative class, is the book before us—*"Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison."* We wish we could speak favourably of *"Miss Belle's"* performance; but we cannot, despite our desire to see few, if any, faults in a lady's work; and we certainly are of the same opinion as those friends who advised the authoress to suppress her book. That would have been her wisest course; but she should at least, if into print she must rush, have submitted the manuscript to some person capable of decently discharging the duties of editor. As it is, we think *Miss Belle's* Federal enemies must have greatly rejoiced when they found her publishing such a book. The work consists of three parts—first, an "Introduction by a friend of the South," who has also exercised the functions of editor, but who must really be a wolf in sheep's clothing, or he would never have allowed such a slovenly piece of work to pass from his hands. Secondly, there is *Miss Boyd's*—or, rather, *Mrs. Hardinge's*, though we prefer to speak of her by the name by which she is best known—own narrative, which, it gives us pleasure to be able to say, is the best part of the book. Thirdly, there is what purports to be the journal of *Miss Boyd's* husband, Lieutenant Hardinge, a native of Brooklyn, New York, formerly of the United States navy, and in both these capacities supposed to be a Federal, but much of whose conduct, many of whose statements, and nearly all of whose sentiments, are utterly inconsistent with that character. This so-called "Journal" we cannot help thinking is no journal at all, though an attempt has been made to give it that appearance by prefixing dates to some portions, but the effort is not maintained; and if Lieutenant Hardinge was no more methodical in performing his nautical duties than he has been in writing his journal, all we can say is, that there must be very little method indeed on board United States ships of war. So much for the nature of this book; and now, reserving criticism upon details for the present, we shall briefly epitomise the career of the authoress.

Miss Belle Boyd was born at Martinsburg, Virginia, and belonged to the F. F. V. (First Families of Virginia) rank in life. She first saw the light in 1844, and was therefore sixteen years of age when the war broke out. Her father joined the Confederate army, and *Miss Belle* herself made her debut as a warrior by shooting a Federal soldier who was making a little too free in the family residence, and using language as "offensive as it could be" to *Belle* and her mother. This act made *Belle* a marked person, and she removed from Martinsburg to Front Royal, where an hospital had been established for Confederate wounded after the battle of Bull Run. Here our authoress acted as a nurse and occasionally as an aide-de-camp in carrying messages between General Beauregard and his subordinates. This made her still more marked, a characteristic which she deepened by playing the spy on the Federals on all possible occasions and conveying intelligence to the Confederate commanders—in intelligence which on more than one occasion enabled General "Stonewall" Jackson to defeat the Northern troops during his famous campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. The result of all this was that *Miss Boyd*, after being more than once under fire, was captured by the Federals; was released; returned to her old haunts and her old practices; and was finally, by order of Secretary Stanton, consigned to the Old Capitol prison at Washington. She had now obtained the soubriquet of "*Belle Boyd*, the rebel spy," and was very heartily abused in the Northern newspapers. Included in an exchange of prisoners, she once more returned South, and once more resumed her patriotic exertions—was made a Captain in the Southern army, and an Aide-de-Camp on the Staff of General Jackson. Again apprehended, shortly afterwards, she was once more conveyed to Washington and confined in the Carroll prison there, from which she was released on receiving sentence of banishment South during the war. She then made a tour of the Southern States, and, in attempting to run the blockade from Wilmington, on board the Greyhound, Captain "Henry"—which name, from being always placed within inverted commas, we presume to be a fictitious one—the vessel was captured by the U. S. cruiser Connecticut. Here *Miss Boyd* met with her future husband, Lieutenant Hardinge, an officer of the Federal ship, who was placed in command of the prize, and fell in love with his fair captive—or passenger, as he was pleased to call her—and before the vessel reached Boston, her destination, was accepted, in the hope, as *Miss Boyd* expresses it, that she might make him "useful to the cause and its friends." This she did by enabling Captain "Henry" to escape, on suspicion of connivance at which transaction, we presume (for it is not distinctly stated), Lieutenant Hardinge was dismissed from the United States service. After a visit to Canada, *Miss Boyd* came to England, where she was joined by her affianced, and they were married at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, on the 25th of August, 1864. Here *Miss Boyd's* own narrative practically closes, as it ought to do, with her marriage. The details of her career in camp and life in prison we have, of necessity, passed over; the reader will find in them the only really interesting and valuable portions of the book. Of her treatment personally, *Miss Belle*, as it seems to us, had very little reason to complain, except when she came under the hands of those terrible detectives employed by Mr. Stanton. She more than once experienced much kindness and courtesy—even chivalrous conduct—from Federal officers, which, on one occasion at least, she repaid by causing those to whom she was indebted for liberty and escort out of danger to be arrested. To be sure, the officers who showed her this kindness had spoken of the Southerners as "cowardly rebels," and were almost immediately released; but these facts do not justify the act of treachery *Miss Boyd* relates with much gusto on pages 81 to 85 of her first volume. In prison she was tolerably well lodged, luxuriously fed, according to the bill of fare she herself furnishes, and was treated with as much respect and consideration as her own bold avowals of her sentiments and repeated breaches of regulations would allow. One thing strikes us as being rather remarkable, and that is—how it happened that if, as *Miss Boyd* would have us suppose, the Federal Government, and especially Mr. Stanton, deemed her of so much importance, they should so often release her and then use all their energies to get hold of her again. Why didn't they keep her when they had her, if she was so terribly dangerous a character? We must now leave *Miss Boyd* herself, with the expression of our admiration of her devotion to her country, which she showed by encountering, and often courting, peril in the most—well, heroic, though ill-natured persons might call it reckless and unnecessary, manner. *Miss Belle* is evidently fond to extreme of fame, in the American sense of the word—that is, notoriety; for she gives us full details of all the "ovations," serenades, dinners, balls, &c., to which she was treated in the South and in Canada, and finishes her story by copying the accounts given by the *Jenkinses* of Paris and London—the *Moniteur Universel* and the *Morning Post*—of her marriage; accounts, we suppose, furnished by *Miss Boyd* herself or some one of her friends—perhaps by the "friend of the South," whose elegantly (?) written introduction is prefixed to the book.

Turning now to the so-called "journal" of Lieutenant Hardinge, we enter upon a portion of the book which it is positively painful to read; and for this reason, that it is palpably a piece of book-making—manufacture—from beginning to end. The "journal" professes to have been kept and to have been intended solely for the perusal of Mr. Hardinge's wife, *Miss Belle Boyd*. It commences with his departure from England, in December last, and is mainly occupied in detailing Mr. Hardinge's experiences in American prisons. When he was apprehended, and why, we will let the reader go to the book to ascertain; only we would remark that Mrs. Hardinge ought to love her husband very dearly, for he sacrificed a great deal, and, if his story be true, suffered a great deal, on her account. We have already hinted at the cause of his dismissal from the United States navy; but as "*Miss Belle's* husband" he became at once a hero in the South and a subject of suspicion in the North. Under the latter condition he found his way into the Carroll prison at Washington, and then to Fort Delaware, on an island in the Delaware River, in the State of that name—a good way off; and yet Lieutenant Hardinge gives his wife a full description of Colonel Wood and his assistants, such as Mr. Wilson and Aunt Lizzie, as the officers of Fort Delaware, while in point of fact they were connected with the Old Capitol and Carroll prisons in Washington, and whom Mrs. Hardinge must have known much better than her husband, because she was much longer and much oftener under their charge than he was. This is the first instance we note of the inaccuracy of this so-called journal, the real officials at Fort Delaware being General Schoepf and his assistant, Adjutant or Assistant Adjutant Ahl. Then we have Lieutenant Hardinge talking of a "miserable slave-pen" in Philadelphia. We did not know before that there were "slave-pens" in the Quaker city. Were there really such places there at the close of 1864, which is the date of the gallant Lieutenant's narrative? Next we have Mr. Hardinge giving us two versions of the same story. At page 185, vol. ii., Mr. Hardinge says—but we must quote—

Mrs. Colonel M. tells me that Wood rushed into the room this morning, and yelled out at the top of his voice, "Hooray, Mollie! I've got your father a prisoner." She gave one shriek, and cried out in her agony, "My God! what will become of my poor mother now?"

Pretty scene! pretty language was that to be used in a sick girl's room! Mrs. Colonel M., who had stood by a silent witness of the scene, said to Mr. Wood, "For God's sake, Sir, do you want to finish your work by killing her?"

"Madam, you can't ride a high horse here." "No, Sir," said Mrs. M.; "I leave that for Mr. Wood to do."

Compare this with the version of the same story given at page 244, of vol. ii.:

During my sojourn in the Carroll prison I one evening called upon Mrs. —, a lady prisoner from Galveston, Texas, who tended Miss M'Donough with motherly care during her illness. Poor Mollie was then in a state of semi-insensibility, and was barely conscious of what was going on about her, when Colonel Wood, the superintendent of the prison, burst into the room, shouting out at the top of his voice, "Hoorah! Jem M'Donough's caught, and will swing, by —! before the week is out."

Miss M'Donough slowly raised herself in the bed until nearly upright, stared wildly about her for an instant, and, uttering a piercing shriek, fell insensible upon the floor.

I sprang forward, but Mrs. — was beside her before me; and I, turning full upon the author of this outrage, remarked excitedly, "By —! Colonel Wood, if I ever catch you in Virginia when I get a command, you shall swing for this, Sir!"

Now, this story may be true, but both versions given by Lieutenant Hardinge can't be so. He can't have got the story at secondhand from Mrs. M., as stated on page 185, and yet been an actor in it, as related on pages 244 and 245. And how could Lieutenant Hardinge, if he was an officer in the Federal navy—however much and unfairly persecuted—think of having a command in Virginia that would enable him to make Colonel Wood "swing" for this outrage? Could such a command, involving such a power, be in any other than the Confederate service? And yet we are asked to believe that Lieutenant Hardinge was in opinion a Federal all through! If Lieutenant Hardinge was not a Confederate all through, and if this "Journal" is not a manufacture, then Mr. Hardinge is a very remarkable instance of perversion and of the effect of petticoat government—shall we call it the power of love?—for his "Journal" breathes Confederate sentiments from beginning to end. Finally—and then we think we have quoted enough to show that this so-called "Journal" is no journal at all—we have Lieutenant Hardinge telling us, at page 257 of vol. ii., how he received a parcel of clothing from his mother—at Fort Delaware, this was—on the 10th of January, and how he revelled in lying down to sleep in the "warm embrace" of the blanket's then delivered to him; while, on the 3rd of February (see page 259, vol. ii.), he draws an "apology for a blanket" around him, and repairs to the Commandant's office to listen to the order for his release; and on page 263 he again "draws his tattered blanket around him," and issues forth from a Federal prison in this guise:—

A felt hat, remarkable only for its being crownless, adorned my head; a ragged blanket sufficed—only in a measure, however—to keep the cold from my coatless body; a pair of "inexpressibles," horribly dilapidated, encased my lower extremities; a boot on one foot, and the other wrapped up in old rags. Is it a wonder, then, that I was an object of doubtful character?

And yet, in the guise described, Lieutenant Hardinge was in a position to offer a fifty-dollar greenback for his entertainment at a roadside inn, and to ask for change! How could Lieutenant Hardinge be so badly off for dress within less than a month, and with money in his purse, and after stating, as he does at pages 239 and 240, that he could, and did, get a better diet than the prison regulations allowed by making an arrangement with the head of the culinary department at Fort Delaware. Can anyone believe this story?

In conclusion, we have only to say that we regret exceedingly that such a book—so clumsy, so inartistic, so illiterate, so wanting, in some parts, of the stamp of truth—should ever have been published. We regret it, because it gives a colour to all the accusations we have heard advanced against the defenders of the South. Here we have statements that are not justified by facts adduced, we have vituperation without adequate grounds, we have bitterness without apparent reason, we have conversions without sufficient cause, and we have abuse of officials without any reason whatever. There may have been—we believe there were—ample reasons why the South should secede from the North, but they don't appear in *Miss Belle Boyd's* pages. As for the literary style of the work, it is bad from beginning to end. *Miss Boyd's* narrative—although the best written and the most interesting part of the book—is full of repetitions and clumsiness of expression; but these we can forgive: they are the faults of a young lady unaccustomed, we are willing to believe, to composition. But her husband's part of the work is still more faulty. Lieutenant Hardinge may make no pretensions, as he says, to the poetic faculty, and his Christmas song (see vol. ii. page 187) may have been all very well to amuse his prison hours, and very interesting to his young wife; but why put such miserable rubbish into print? What a pity that zeal should so outrun discretion as it does in this work, and that the passion for book-making is not placed under some sort of wholesome restraint! Even the printers have been lacking in their duty. The book is full of typographical errors—one specimen of which must suffice. How could the proof-reader allow such a blunder as "bounty-pumpers" to pass, when everyone who reads the newspapers, even in the most cursory way, must be familiar with the phrase "bounty-jumpers," and what it means?

Three Great Teachers of Our Own Time, being an Attempt to deduce the Spirit and Purpose animating Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin. By ALEXANDER H. JAPP. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is a serious thoughtful volume, of a kind which will be welcome to a considerable public. It could only have been written by a man who had read widely in life and books; and it contains, in many ways, traces of assiduous self-culture.

But we are scarcely sure that we understand what is meant by "deducing the spirit and purpose" of the "three great teachers" whose names appear upon the titlepage. Nothing can be farther from Mr. Japp's intention—so far as clear—than to "deduce" consequences from the teaching of Carlyle and the others. He does not attempt to illustrate it by applications in detail to life, government, religion, or art; at all events, we fail to see that he does so. It is

to be supposed, then, that the author intended to bring out the central idea of the teaching of each of the three men, and then to exhibit a convergence of thought between them. This he has hardly done, we think; though there is a large public who may find in his book the material for doing it themselves if they please to undergo the labour. It is surely not to "deduce" anything worth writing a book about, to say that the "words" of the three teachers soon "resolve themselves into one grand, all-including monition—"Be simple, single minded, prudent, true, genuine men." This is admirable counsel; and the writings of Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin contain things admirably adapted to enforce it. But we have still to ask the questions (of any man who raises and professes to answer them). What is the *specific* teaching of Mr. Carlyle? the *specific* teaching of Mr. Ruskin? and the *specific* teaching of Mr. Tennyson? And then, how do you make out the identity or convergence of the three lessons? We fail to find in Mr. Japp's interesting book any answer to these questions. We do find there, however, some true insight—some passages of very good criticism, and every where the presence of a fine, unflinching spirit.

Tennyson, more than any living writer, happens to have brought his "teaching" (so far as he is a conscious teacher) to a point in two separate and sufficiently prominent places in his writings; there is no question about them, could be no question when once the thing was pointed out. But critics and commentators have nothing to say about it, so far as we can see.

Mr. Japp has a keen eye for a dramatic intention, but his faculty misleads him. The kindest friend could scarcely have written his own praise better than he has done himself, when he shows so true an appreciation of George MacDonald; but, beautiful as are Mr. MacDonald's novels, there is scarcely a poetical critic in England who would not just reverse Mr. Japp's counsel to him, and express deep regret that he had ever been driven to writing prose.

As, after all, the question, what *is* any given man's teaching? is one upon which others may entirely differ, we recommend our readers to get Mr. Japp's book for themselves, and read it. They will not regret making the acquaintance of a man so full of what is noble in tendency, and so capable of seeing his way over large and arduous topics.

People, Places, and Things. By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd" and "Married Beneath Him." S. O. Beeton.

This is a collection of pleasant, readable papers from *Household Words* (or its successor) and *Chambers's Journal*. This is sufficient description, and the papers do not invite criticism. The best effect of such writing is that it puts you in good humour with the foibles of men and women. It is certainly a useful thing to make one laugh at small basenesses, so long as the work is not pushed to the length of making you think them of no consequence. Tall talk, even, is better than the kind of talk which makes you fancy a humbug or a jealous cad is only laughable.

THE POOR-LAW BOARD has censured the guardians of St. Pancras for their resolution to incarcerate two paupers in a close room called the Separation Ward, the men being at the time under a suspicion of theft. The board intimate that, if there was any suspicion against the paupers, the matter ought to have been put into the hands of the police.

GARIBALDI AND THE VEGEZZI NEGOTIATIONS.—A letter of Garibaldi has been published, which may be considered as his manifesto on the Vegazzi negotiations. It is in answer to an invitation of the Mayor of Ravenna to be present at the ceremony of interring the bones of Dante. In it the liberator says:—"I heartily thank you, but I cannot now comply with the wish you express, also my own, that I should be among you to offer my tribute of respect to the divine poet. You have the sacred trust of guarding the bones of Dante, an eternal protest against the Papacy, which would have them buried. The custodians of the sepulchre of Dante will therefore reject any reconciliation with the butchers of Rome."

LORD BROUGHAM AND M. BERRYER.—The *Paris Siecle* contains, in its weekly summary of news and criticism, the following paragraph:—"A rumour of a sad import has been in circulation for the last few days, to the effect that the illustrious orator, M. Berryer, is obliged to sell his property at Angerville, where he has spent so many years of his private life. Lord Brougham, it is said, contemplates purchasing that property, not, however, with the intention of dispossessing its former owner, who would continue to live, as hitherto, on his little domain. An act of this kind would be as honourable to the former Lord High Chancellor of England as to the great French orator."

SINGULAR RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A railway accident of an unusual description took place on the Great Northern Railway, about two miles from Peterborough, on Saturday afternoon. A mixed market-train, carrying goods and about 100 passengers, left Peterborough at 2.30 p.m. Five minutes after its departure a telegram was received from the locomotive depot at New Elyland, about a mile and a half on the north side of Peterborough, that a large goods-engine, under full steam, had broken loose and was coming on without either driver or stoker. Immediately after the receipt of this message the runaway engine flashed through the station, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, in hot pursuit of the preceding train. Happily, the market-train had acquired sufficient velocity to deaden the force of the collision; but one carriage was smashed and nine were thrown off the rails. Forty or fifty passengers were more or less seriously injured; none fatally.

FRENCH LIFE-BOATS.—Two fine new life boats, built by Messrs. Forrest and Son, of Limehouse, on the plans and under the superintendence of the National Life-boat Institution, for the French Shipwreck Society, were forwarded a few days ago to the French coast. Each boat is 32 ft. long, rows ten oars, and is in every respect like the medium life-boat of the English institution. Officers from the French society—Comte de Bastard and Capitaine de Frégate Albert, of the French Imperial Navy—recently visited England for the purpose of gaining every information from the English Life-boat Institution respecting its working on the coast. An officer from that institution accompanied them to Hastings, and explained to them every thing about the life-boat management; and the officer of the coastguard at Hastings showed the French gentlemen how the rocket apparatus was worked. They expressed themselves as highly pleased with all they had seen, and left with Messrs. Forrest an order for three additional life-boats—making, altogether, eight life-boats to be supplied to the French Life-boat Society. It is gratifying to find that some benevolent organisations of a similar character are being established in Prussia and other maritime countries.

THE IRISH ELECTIONS.—In Ireland the Liberal party has already gained nine seats. The elections have been grievously disappointing to the Conservatives, who confidently anticipated such an accession of strength as would bring Lord Derby into power early next spring. The results have been equally unexpected on the other side. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the Ultramontane party to get up a feeling of hostility against the Irish Government, and to return men on the principle of independent opposition, very few such men have been returned, and no factious opposition need be apprehended. What is most remarkable of all is the readiness and cordiality with which Roman Catholic constituencies have returned Protestant candidates, in some cases dispensing with pledges; and it must be said, to their credit, that Archbishop Cullen and most of the other Prelates have shown great practical wisdom on this point. They have perceived that the moderation and impartiality of the Government, harmonising with the spirit of the age, had made extreme views and violent courses obnoxious to society. The power of public opinion is now felt in this country more than ever it has been; and, for the first time since O'Connell's death, the phrase "civil and religious liberty" has become popular. Instead of exaggerating political and religious differences, there is a tendency to sink them, and "Union" is now a powerful watchword at the hustings—union of sects and parties for the common good of the country.

AN ELECTION INCIDENT.—HOW A VOTER BRIBED A CANDIDATE.—At the nomination of candidates for South Warwickshire allusion was made to a laughable incident in connection with the election. The story in connection with the observation is too good not to be related. Lord Duncan, in the course of his canvass through the county, called, and not for the first time, at the house of a gentleman named Ball, who now occupies a large farm near Leamington, but who was formerly engaged in the naval service. The noble visitor was on terms of intimacy with him, though differing from him in politics; and, being both tired and hungry, he said, on seeing the remains of a round of beef on the table—the quantity enough for one and a half or two men—"That's a nice piece of beef you've got, Ball." "Well, I don't think it is," was the response; "but I'll tell you what I'll do; if you like to sit down and eat it, I'll give you a plumper at the election." Lord Duncan sat down and tackled to his work; and, when he had got three pints through with it, he said he should die if he ate any more. "Ah!" said the elector, "I've been too far north for you." "I hail from Dundee," said his guest. "Oh! but I have been to the North Pole," said the free and independent voter; "and if you don't finish the piece of beef I shall vote for Mordaunt and Wise, the Conservative candidates; but if you eat it I'll plump for you, and I'll appear in front of the hustings, on the day of nomination, with the piece of bone in my hand." Lord Duncan thereupon called for some Scotch whisky, and then disposed of the remainder of the beef. True to his promise, on the day of nomination the voter appeared in front of the hustings with a piece of bone in his hand, as a trophy of the way in which he had succeeded in reversing bribery and in treating his candidate.

THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE EXHIBITION.

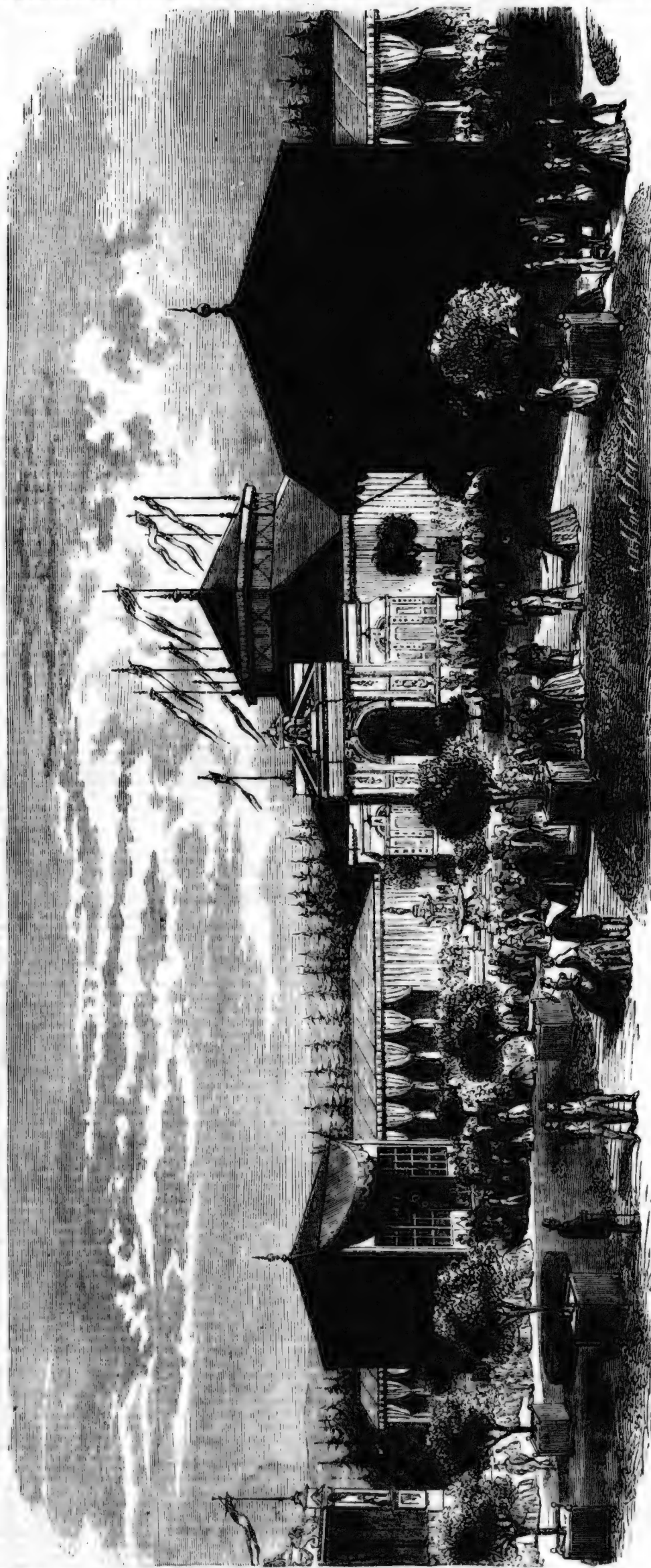
The western side of the southern end of the nave of the building, from the apex to the southern entrance, is allocated to the products furnished by the skill, ingenuity, and industry of Austria and the important German States comprised in what is known as the Zollverein. In assigning this prominent and advantageous section of the grand crystal temple of industry, the committee have exhibited a due and considerable appreciation of the manufacturing and contriving talent of the great subdivisions of the European family whose handiwork is here to be seen; and it is universally admitted that Austria and the States of the Zollverein are represented to an extent and with a degree of perfection which amply testify to the generous spirit in which they received the invitations of the committee to contribute, and at the same time sustain their own industrial fame. It will be in the recollection of all who visited the last great London Exhibition that the countries to which we are now referring astonished the visitors by the display made of their industrial resources and products. The favourable impression produced on that occasion respecting them has not now been weakened, for even though, as might be expected, the display on their part is not so extensive and varied, yet all that is exhibited is characterised by excellence and progress.

Maison Suisse, the crystals of Saint Louis and Bohemia, the glass wares of Prince Beaumont and the Marquis of Dampierre, the exquisite ceramic wares of Limoges, Sarreguemine, and Fontainebleau; the painting on glass of Metz, Nancy, Troyes, Nem-Château and Paris. This pavilion consists of one immense saloon, entirely draped with velvet.

The building on the right, which faces this pavilion, contains specimens of the goldenmiths' and silversmiths' arts, as well as the exhibition of tapestry and hangings, including the most sumptuous examples of cabinet-work and upholstery. The long lateral galleries right and left of the central pavilion are well adapted for the general exhibition of those trades to which they are devoted, and contain numberless examples of all sorts of industry

entirely worthy of consideration. That which is at present exciting the attention is the Exposition at Chaumont, that old town on the Haute-Marne where the treaty was concluded which afterwards became the basis of the Holy Alliance. When it is remembered that Chaumont, with its 7000 inhabitants, possesses several learned and scientific societies, and a fine library, it will seem to be the very place where an exhibition of this kind might well be carried out; and the result has justified any such expectation, since both the building and its arrangements are original, and admirably adapted to every purpose for which they were intended. This is all the more noticeable, too, inasmuch as the projectors have received no assistance in their enterprise, and have been compelled to rely on their own ingenuity for making such combinations as would carry out their object.

The park in which the building, or rather series of buildings, are erected comprises a space of 45,000 metres, surrounded by a thick belt of magnificent fir-trees. Twelve large pavilions, separated from each other by pleasant alleys, fountains, and stand in the midst of verdure and flowers; and these pavilions, in which the choicest productions of French workshops are displayed, are draped with red velvet embroidered in gold. One of the most magnificent objects in the park, and one, too, which heightens the effect of these decorations, is the orangery of Marshal Mortier, which has come into the possession of the successors of the Marquis de Rougé. It is said that these orange-trees, which are for sale, date from the reigns of Francis I. and Henry IV., and numerous amateurs are now disputing the possession of these unrivalled plants, which will probably fetch prices in proportion to their ages. The excellent plan organised by the directors of the exposition has prevented any complaints from the exhibitors, to each of whom has been allotted ample space, while the construction of the pavilions has provided for the display of all the productions, since there are no dark corners in which anything can be stowed away. The central building includes three pavilions, separated by a fine lawn, in the centre of which is placed a basin and monumental fountain of nine statues. These who saw the wonderful effect produced by the *Panorama Langlois* of the Exhibition of 1855 will remember that this portion of the palace, although the most modest part of the building, eventually became the most recherché. The central pavilion of the Chaumont exposition is perhaps still more happily designed. Its great doors open upon two fine galleries 250 metres in length. The centre is occupied by an octagonal saloon 16 metres in height and lighted from the top. This contains a magnificent industrial trophy, consisting of forty lifelike bronze statues placed at different heights and presenting every variety of beautiful casting.



INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT CHAUMONT, HAUT MARNE, FRANCE.

except those in silk and drapery, which are very scantily represented. Behind these galleries, and parallel to them, are two other arcades, separated by a portion of the lawn and containing numerous examples of metal-work from the great iron and brass workshops of Maine, Meuse, Ardennes, Moselle, Pyrénées, L'Isère, Côte-d'Or, Doubs, and Haute-Marne—forty great foundries having contributed articles for almost every possible use—a display owing probably to the fact of Haute-Marne itself being one of the centres of the metal trades. Another pavilion, surrounded by a dense wood, rises majestically opposite the central rotunda, at about 50 metres distance, and is devoted to a single monumental trophy, including the productions of Tusey (Meuse), belonging to M. Zegut, whose workshops have furnished all the brass mouldings of the Place de la Concorde. Still further to the left are the buildings where the mechanical trades are represented, including saddlery, carriage-making, coach-building, and leather-work. At the back, and half surrounded by splendid firs, is placed the pretty little theatre, originally constructed for the Empress at Biarritz. The whole of the twenty lawns are dotted with examples of agricultural implements and machinery, some of which are put in motion by a common driving band worked by a concealed engine.

Austria may be considered to have fully made good the promises put forward in her name, and to have triumphantly established her position among the nations represented. On an early day after the opening of the exhibition trials were made of the wines exhibited; and, not only with regard to "Imperial Tokay," but also in every instance among those wines contributed by Austria proper, which we may hope soon to see largely imported into Great Britain and Ireland, the verdict of high commendation was unanimous. Among the Hungarian wines, famous for their natural strength, those of the Bishop of Veszprim and the Counts Edward

Saxony sends from its capital some beautiful statuary, and contributions of the china that has made Dresden famous throughout the world. We believe that for some of the figures the exhibition is indebted to the Royal porcelain manufactory at Neissen. There is also a very curious collection of baked photographs from Dresden, which will amply repay inspection. The city of Munich sends, among other things, a variety of paintings, for which its galleries are famous. There is a display of the hops for which Bavaria is so justly celebrated, and which competed successfully at the London Exhibition with the English growth. Now that the heavy duty is removed, which heretofore restricted the trade in this commodity, Bavarian hops are largely imported into England; and to anyone who has been on the Continent it is needless to speak of the popularity of Bavarian beer. From Prussia there is a series of very interesting contributions. The Government sends a very useful and a daintily-executed map, showing at a glance what may be called the Prussian coal and mining districts. In connection with this map are specimens of mineral products, comprising zinc, anthracite coal, iron, salt, lead, &c. From Dusseldorf a number of exquisite specimens of glass, stained by the lithographic process and repre-

sent judgment at the Dublin Exhibition. In the cruise round the world of the Austrian frigate Novara, she was supplied with different kinds of wine from Vienna; and the residue brought home by her, after a cruise lasting two years and a half, was found to be greatly improved in flavour. In fact, the wines of this district, which were for the first time introduced to English notice, in 1862, by Mr. F. Andrea, are of the true quality which ripens well; and in this respect they may challenge comparison with any other Austrian or Hungarian growths. A very attractive display of furniture, formed entirely of the skins, hoofs, and horns of animals of the chase, and therefore highly appropriate for a hunting-lodge, is exhibited in this part of the building; where also the Vienna manufacturers, Messrs. Nieber and Breiter, have got a splendid show of objects, including, among a very diversified collection, from ornamental purses to dresses, a travelling-bag fit for an Ambassador. It is made of the finest moleskin, and is deliciously garnished, outside and in, with all-ver-gilt fittings and mountings, engraved and chased with minute skill and care.

Under the name of the Zollverein States are included a number of German States which, finding their old Customs regulations to seriously impede the free intercourse that should exist in trade, and to shackle commerce, wisely formed themselves into the commercial or "toll" union known under the name of Zollverein. The spirit fostered by this commercial league of a number of independent States, and the mutual advantages resulting from this union, are well illustrated in the relations and prosperity of these States. Saxony sends from its capital some beautiful statuary, and contributions of the china that has made Dresden famous throughout the world. We believe that for some of the figures the exhibition is indebted to the Royal porcelain manufactory at Neissen. There is also a very curious collection of baked photographs from Dresden, which will amply repay inspection. The city of Munich sends, among other things, a variety of paintings, for which its galleries are famous. There is a display of the hops for which Bavaria is so justly celebrated, and which competed successfully at the London Exhibition with the English growth. Now that the heavy duty is removed, which heretofore restricted the trade in this commodity, Bavarian hops are largely imported into England; and to anyone who has been on the Continent it is needless to speak of the popularity of Bavarian beer. From Prussia there is a series of very interesting contributions. The Government sends a very useful and a daintily-executed map, showing at a glance what may be called the Prussian coal and mining districts. In connection with this map are specimens of mineral products, comprising zinc, anthracite coal, iron, salt, lead, &c. From Dusseldorf a number of exquisite specimens of glass, stained by the lithographic process and repre-



SCENES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE: A TEA-MEETING AT THE DIGGINGS.



THE AUSTRIAN COURT IN THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

sent very handsome designs, have been contributed. The capital city, Berlin, sends samples of gilt mouldings, cornices, and specimens of fine upholstery work. The great commercial city of Hamburg is largely and effectively represented. One of the most prominent stands in this section is loaded with a vast variety of the curious and exceedingly-interesting articles exhibited by M. Rampandahl. They comprise, amongst other things, articles of furniture manufactured from valuable woods, as well as from horns and skins of animals of the chase. H. C. Meyer, of Hamburg, exhibits a variety of articles manufactured from vulcanised indiarubber. The china and glass display made by M. Fischer, of Hamburg, is at once large, varied, rich, and attractive.

SKETCHES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

A TEA-MEETING AT THE DIGGINGS.

SOME would imagine that the excitement caused by the great gold discoveries would have so enrapt and thoroughly engrossed the attentions of the community at large, coupled with the unsettled state into which the country was thrown by being so suddenly and completely deluged by the wonderful current of immigration, that theological affairs would have been almost if not entirely overlooked by the Legislature; but, on the contrary, one of its first acts in 1851 was to vote liberal aid to all religious bodies; for, although the State aid was given to all Christian sects, the system was, to a certain extent, voluntaryism. The aid each sect received was proportioned in accordance with the amount raised by private subscriptions by the members of the community for the maintenance of their own religious ministrations. The anomalous position in which this indiscriminate support (quoting the words of Mr. Westgarth) placed the Government, was the principal cause of its discontinuance. Civil and religious equality was claimed by the Jews, and was conceded, although not in accordance with the letter or intention of the Colonial Church Act. The thinness of the population where local subscriptions might prove inadequate was argued in favour of this aid, as also the condition in which the colony was placed after the gold discoveries. The Government for some time defrayed the cost of several clergymen of the various persuasions for religious ministrations at the principal gold-fields. The larger proportion of the mining population, even at the present time, do not form, it may be easily supposed, a very apt congregation; but withal, the ministrations of religion at the gold-fields has undoubtedly an excellent general effect, and tends materially to induce an edifying observance of the Sabbath in a general cessation on that day of the labour even of hunting for gold. If there is not a respite from all manual occupation (for the strictness of the rule is not applied beyond the regular business of gold-seeking), there is at least a creditable example furnished by masses of an unsettled population, destitute for the most part of accustomed literary or domestic avocations. The diggings, especially new ones, have on Sundays somewhat the appearance of a large fair in England. The streets are generally formed by rows of tents, buildings composed of timber-skeletons covered in with canvas, &c.; frail wooden tenements, intending to represent hotels, displaying such names as the London Tavern, Star and Garter, &c.; for the hotels on a new digging, if they cannot have the appearance of respectability, will at any rate ape it in name. Various coloured flags fly from the different shops, or stores, as they are termed; in fact, anything in the shape of a banner, from an old red shirt on a pole to the Royal standard, is displayed on Sunday. The miners, generally, dress in a very pretty manner; large numbers of them together have a most picturesque appearance. Despising the black coat and hat of home, they wear various bright-coloured shirts, with red silk sashes round their waists, and mostly a hat like our straw one, known in Australia as a cabbage-tree, with a black ribbon flying behind it. The ladies dress very elegantly; but, as diggers' wives generally are a class who prefer something striking to the eye, they generally have the appearance of poppies in a cornfield; in fact, the streets of a digging settlement altogether have a most peculiar appearance, from the variety of colours, coupled with the strange effect the tents, &c., lend to the view. The climate, to a certain extent, warrants the peculiar attire and mode of habitation.

The average temperature for four or five months of summer may be estimated at rather less than 70 deg. during the day time, and at about 8 deg. less during the night. There is occasional frost, with thin ice, during mid-winter nights in the month of July. The average temperature of winter, from the latter half of May to the end of August, may be estimated at 55 deg. during the day, and at the same diminution of about 8 deg. during the night. Rain falls plentifully during July, August, and September, imparting a chilliness to the atmosphere. Fires are maintained in the sitting-rooms during fully six months of the year, and the morning and evening fire is prolonged considerably further. The colonists, however, are apt to betake themselves to the fireside upon rather slight provocation. Doubtless the heats of summer render them somewhat sensitive to cold. Perhaps also, the cheerful blaze from the timber and the simplicity of the hearth arrangements, entailing but little trouble in the business of fire-making, act favourably in calling forth, upon the slightest pretence, this enlivening addition to the domestic circle. The hot winds of summer and the sudden alternations of heat and cold which they occasion are the drawbacks to the climate of Victoria, which is disagreeably enhanced also by the clouds of dust that are raised on these occasions in the towns and along the principal thoroughfares. The effect of the considerable rains of winter upon the unformed or unfinished roads render colonial life, as far as regards locomotion, unpleasant for a portion of the year. But this must ever be expected in new colonies; and in Victoria the defect is compensated by its dryness and excellent travelling condition during the remaining and major portion of the year. In other respects I might expatiate largely on the pleasures of the Australian climate—the bright, vivifying sun and the azure cloudless sky, the soft, balmy atmosphere, the crystal dewdrops of the morning, and, above all, the clear and serene night, lighted up by the glorious constellation of the south, and enlivened by the notes of the Australian cuckoo and the busy hum of the insect world. These are all familiar to the British colonist in a measure far beyond his old experiences in the murkier climate of his native land.

Of the effect of such a climate on general health and longevity there is as yet, perhaps, scarcely time and experience to form an adequate opinion. Observation on this head is now, and must long continue, modified by several important circumstances. Acclimatising, for instance, if a temporary accessory to mortality in Australia, is continually in operation upon large masses of society in a colony increasing so rapidly as Victoria by immigration from without.

Many or most of the customs of the old country have been carried by the emigrants to the antipodes, and among them the social and ever-to-be-remembered tea-meetings of our youth. They are even given in the wild Australian bush among the settlers, who make it a practice to meet occasionally in the school-room of the nearest township to attend a tea-meeting got up for some charitable purpose. They are also held at the diggings; and although, as our engraving shows, the visitors do not stick exactly to the rule as regards tea alone, still their happiness is none the less, nor do the subscriptions for the charity in view suffer in liberality.

A. A. S.

ANOTHER GREAT JEWELLERY ROBBERY IN MANCHESTER.—£13,000 WORTH OF STOCK STOLEN.—Some time during Monday night, or early on Tuesday morning, the shop of Mr. McFerran, jeweller, Victoria-street, Manchester, was entered by thieves, who got safely off with the more valuable portion of the stock, estimated as worth about £13,000. The thieves appear to have got over a gate in an adjacent house, and, after breaking through several walls, found themselves inside the jeweller's shop. The more valuable portion of the stock was removed, but a large quantity of silver and plated goods was left untouched. The thieves carried off between 500 and 600 watches, gold and silver; and pins, rings, brooches, and other articles of jewellery, of the total estimated value of £13,000. Of course the police were immediately made acquainted with the affair, and they are now busily engaged in investigating it. Two chisels were left on the premises. A reward of £500 has been offered for the apprehension of the thieves.

THE OPERAS.

WE wish some Italian librettist would undertake to rationalise the plot of Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera." Turning, for the first time, the other night at Her Majesty's Theatre to the libretto of this work, we discovered—that we never should have found out from the music, nor from the costumes, nor from the decorations of the piece—that the scene is laid in the Puritanical city of Boston, not particularly celebrated, we believe, for its masked balls. It has been explained to us, however, that the authorities of Naples having objected to the story of "Un Ballo in Maschera" in its true historical shape, it became necessary either to transform it, which would have been a difficult operation, and would have spoiled the effect of the music, or to transplant it so as to preserve all that is essential in the drama while making the incidents take place in an impossible locality. The same objection was made in France to Auber's "Gustave III.," after it had been played for a certain time; and if, in the early days of Louis Philippe, the assassination of a Sovereign on the stage was thought an immoral spectacle, or, worse than that, a dangerous example for the French, what must it have been considered for the Neapolitans immediately before the Garibaldi expedition? It was not until both Rome and Naples had rejected the Italian translation of "Gustave III." that the King of Sweden was turned into "Riccardo, Earl of Warwick, Governor of Boston;" and it is not surprising when, about a year after the production of the new version of the work, Verdi became a member of the Italian Chamber, that he approved of the annexation of Naples, and omitted to raise his voice against the proposed invasion of Rome.

M. Scribe's admirable libretto of "Gustave III." has had a strange fate. In the first place, it was offered to Rossini, and was one of the three opera-books which that composer had promised to set to music for the French Académie, when, owing to some mysterious reason, of which not even a semblance of an explanation has ever been given, he suddenly, after producing "Guillaume Tell," declined to complete his engagement. M. Scribe had both his "books" returned to him. One, "Le Duke d'Albe," was intrusted to Donizetti, who went to work upon it, but had not finished the music when he was attacked by the painful malady of which he died. The other, "Gustave III.," in the hands of Auber, was made, as everyone knows, the groundwork of a masterpiece. Stopped in France for political reasons, "Gustave III." was allowed a free career in England, where, indeed, every possible liberty was taken with it. In accordance with the detestable fashion of the time, the musical director of the theatre at which it was brought out introduced airs of his own manufacture into the work, wrote a new overture for it, and otherwise spoilt it. Verdi, in resetting the libretto, found, as we have seen, the same obstacles in his way that had previously checked Auber. Ultimately, in consequence of the objections raised by the Roman and Neapolitan censors, Verdi was obliged to do for his work what Mr. Bright wishes to do for our Constitution. He was required to Americanise it (in order, no doubt, to throw discredit on Republican institutions); and in the piece as it now stands, though we feel that the true scene of the drama is Stockholm, the action, according to bill and book, takes place at Boston, under the governorship of "Richard, Earl of Warwick." At the same time we see Neapolitan scenery and nondescript Italian dresses of all periods and provinces on the stage, and Richard, Earl of Warwick, is made to sing a barcarole in the approved style of the Neapolitan fisherman.

In spite, however, of all difficulties, Verdi has succeeded in making "Un Ballo" one of his best, if not absolutely his best, work. The music cannot well possess what is called "local colour;" but it is always appropriate to the characters and to the dramatic situations to which it is applied, and, above all, it is thoroughly beautiful. Why "Un Ballo in Maschera" is not more successful in England than it has hitherto proved we are at a loss to understand. Probably the simple explanation is, that it is the last of Verdi's works that has been produced in this country, and that the public has not yet had time to become sensible of its great merits. But, at best, the public has, in this instance, shown itself slow of apprehension; and this is the more remarkable, inasmuch as "Un Ballo in Maschera" has always been exceedingly well executed, both at Her Majesty's Theatre and at the Royal Italian Opera. At Covent Garden Mario has made Riccardo one of his best parts, and Graziani is never heard to greater advantage than in the part of Renato. At Her Majesty's Theatre the music of Renato is sung to perfection by Mr. Santley; but no other singer of the highest merit appears in the work, though Mlle. Trebelli is certainly all that can be desired in the secondary part of Ulrica, the sorceress. Nevertheless, at both theatres the orchestra is admirable, and this praise may be extended at Her Majesty's Theatre to the chorus.

The chief object in reviving "Un Ballo in Maschera" last week at Her Majesty's Theatre seems to have been to re-introduce the pretty Mlle. Sarcolla to the public in the part of Oscar. We should like to be able to praise Mlle. Sarcolla's singing; but the most we can say in favour of it is that it seems to please a portion of the public. One thing is certain, that on Saturday night her appearance, or manner, or voice, or all three together (or perhaps two of the three, in spite of the third) gained her the honour of an encore in the air of the last act. Mlle. Sarcolla, it may be remembered, made her first appearance in England five years ago at Drury-lane, where performances of Italian opera were being given at the time under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith. Thanks to her beauty and also her talent as an actress, she obtained a certain amount of success as the heroine in "La Traviata;" but she gave very little promise as a singer. Such promise, however, as she did give, she may be said to have fulfilled. It is scarcely worth while to mention, as the opera will now, in all probability, not be repeated, that Mlle. Harriers-Wippen undertook the part of the heroine, and Signor Carrion that of the hero.

On Tuesday an admirable performance of "Semiramide" was given at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Mlle. Titiens in the principal character, and Mlle. Trebelli as Arsace. Producing novelty after novelty, Mr. Mapleson advertises for to-night the "Marriage of Figaro," with Mlle. Titiens, Mlle. Sarcolla, Mlle. Trebelli, and Mr. Santley, in the chief parts. To-night also (Saturday) "L'Africaine" is to be brought out at the Royal Italian Opera.

At Her Majesty's Theatre the subscription season terminates this evening; but we believe it is the intention of the director to give a certain number of extra performances. At the Royal Italian Opera the season finishes altogether on the 29th.

FINE ARTS.

MR. F. E. CHURCH'S PICTURES AT M'LEAN'S NEW GALLERY.

THE name of Mr. Thomas M'Lean, of the Haymarket, is one very familiar to those who remember the times when the "H. B." cartoons, published by him, were looked for with almost as much interest as the political events which they portrayed. But—*tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*—nowadays, thanks to a growing dissatisfaction with the Royal Academy arrangements, no fine-art publisher can well dispense with a small gallery of his own; and, accordingly, the well-known shop-window where the "H. B.s" figured, and where some of the earliest engraved works of Landseer were exhibited, is devoted to other purposes, and Mr. M'Lean has taken new and commodious premises next door to the Haymarket Theatre. It is in the well-lighted gallery at the rear of these new premises—a gallery which, if our memory serves us, was, a year or so ago, devoted to an exhibition of foreign works for the benefit of the sufferers by the Danish war—that Mr. Church's three interesting and admirable paintings are now on view. Mr. M'Lean could hardly have made a better selection of pictures to open with.

Mr. Church is an American artist already most widely and favourably known in England. Attention was first attracted to him by his vivid and poetical picture of "Niagara," exhibited in this country a few years ago. His reputation was deservedly increased subsequently by his paintings of "The Heart of the Andes"

and "The Iceberg," works which were not literal transcripts of any actual scenes, but realisations of the spirit and genius of the two widely different phases of nature selected.

These extremes—the lush vegetation and sultry atmosphere of the tropics, and the barren wastes and biting air of the poles—appear to have a great attraction for Mr. Church, who, in the present exhibition, presents us with two South American views and one scene in the Arctic regions. He has, indeed, visited both places, in the interest of Art, having travelled as ambassador from her court to the solitude that reigns on its icy throne in the Sea of Labrador, and the majesty that sits crowned upon the monster mountains of Andes. The three pictures now under notice are, unlike the "Heart of the Andes" and "The Iceberg," pictures which have what will be to most of us the additional charm of portraiture, though they have not taxed the painter's powers of conception and composition, and, therefore, from a strictly critical point of view, may not be so valuable artistically. But if we are always greatly indebted to travellers in unfrequented but interesting regions when they possess just enough talent in drawing to give us the most meagre idea of the scenes they visit, our gratitude to Mr. Church, who brings to the task so large an amount of skill, power, and taste should be infinite indeed, and the more so from the knowledge that he sacrificed an opportunity of displaying his powers of imagination and arrangement in order to give us truthful paintings of places which but few of us are likely to visit.

The most striking of the three pictures, or, perhaps, we should say, the most interesting to a nation which has given so many of its best and bravest to Arctic exploration, is "The Northern Lights." The painter, with natural pride, has laid the scene at "Church's Peak," a lofty cone so christened by Dr. Hayes, an American Polar traveller, who received his lessons in art from Mr. Church, and who thus recorded his gratitude to his master. Around the foot of this peak rise the black bluffs which mark the line of the coast, and from these stretches away the endless waste of everlasting ice, the frozen sea with its hummocks and spires, and all the fantastic architecture of winter. In the front, below the frowning cape, lies the little craft in which Dr. Hayes pursued his investigations. She is laid up for the long night of the north, wintered on the floe. The warm fire that burns in the deck-house shoots a shaft of bright light across the chill gloom. But its vivid glare is eclipsed by the ribbons of light that wave and flicker overhead. In a bright arc the northern lights shoot upward, here in needles and crystals of ruby and sapphire, there in devious trails of pale green, and yonder in a widening shaft of luminous opal. The angles and surfaces of the rough sheet of frozen sea beneath reflect the coruscations of radiance, while above and beyond their weird splendour the calm stars people the depths of heaven.

The impression produced by the picture is one of solemn awe, of reverent wonder at these majestic phenomena of nature, rather than of surprise at the success which the painter has achieved. And if we judge Mr. Church aright, from his method of working, we think this will not seem to him the least agreeable tribute that could be paid to his picture.

Opposite to the Polar scene hangs the view of the loftiest volcano of the Andes—"Cotopaxi." This is indeed a masterpiece on which Mr. Church might well rest his reputation.

The immense plateau, which occupies the chief part of the canvas, is of volcanic origin. It is deeply scored with narrow gorges, through which foam headlong currents—the overflows of vast lakes collected in basins that may possibly have been craters in their time. A rough and rugged country it is, thinly clothed with scrub and scant grass, and made misty with the breath of many cascades and marshes. Beyond this—so far off that its base is not visible—the gigantic peak of the burning mountain, clothed in eternal snow, rises, clear and majestic, against the morning sky. A dense column of smoke shoots up from the jaws of the crater at the summit—shoots upward until its force is spent and the winds of the upper region prevail against it, and beat it back, and drive it off across the heavens—half obscuring the rising orb of day—and finally scatter and dissipate it.

It is morning, and, save for the canopy of smoke which

extended long and large,
Lies floating many a rood,
the sky is serene and cloudless. The sun is darkened by the thick wreaths, but his glory is reflected undimmed on the bosom of the calm lake, which glows like molten gold. His radiance comes streaming down to the front of the picture, tinged with rose and ruby the rocks in its path, and painted so admirably that we seem to feel its warmth.

It is impossible to look at this picture without feeling an almost insurmountable desire to see with our own eyes so awful a revelation of the grandeur of creation as this seemingly boundless plain, with its distant chain of mountains, which are all of stupendous height, but which yet shrink to dwarfs beside the Titanic proportions of Cotopaxi, whose flaming head seems almost to touch the sky.

The third and last of these pictures, "A Scene on the Guayaquil River," is characterised by the luxuriant and prodigal beauty peculiar to such well-watered regions of the tropics. In these plains, made fat and fertile by the rich deposits washed down by their broad streams, Nature is a lovely—we had almost said a voluptuous—giantess, whose magnificent charms are as lavishly displayed as those of the dark-eyed, olive-skinned daughters of the land.

Mr. Church has selected for his picture a reach of the Guayaquil, plentifully dotted with islands, where the gigantic vegetation and huge trees tower to the best advantage. A raft, with a hut erected upon it, is moored on the left, where the forest stands back a little from the river, leaving a tiny amphitheatre where the dwellers in the hut can light their fire or bleach their scanty show of linen. Between islets, the branches of whose trees are fringed with lianas and other pendent creepers and mosses, we see a small town nestling by the river-side. Beyond lies a range of mountains—the Cordilleras—lapt in mists that borrow a flush from the rosy sky. Further yet, dimly discerned through the purple haze, are the white peaks of the Andes; and farthest and highest of all, bending, so it seems, over all, like a hoary grand sire, the inaccessible snowy head of Chimborazo rises in the air, and appears far more like a cloud than many of those piles of vapour which mock the form of mountains in the evening sky.

Mr. Kingsley—we should, for identification, say Professor Kingsley, for there are several distinguished bearers of the name—has said in a well-known passage, "Is it not a grand thought—the silence and permanence of Nature amid the perpetual noise and flux of human life!—a grand thought that one generation goeth and another cometh, and the earth abideth for ever?" We cannot think of a better illustration that could be selected for that noble passage than this picture of Mr. Church's. There is the river, with the busy town on its banks and the glancing canoes on its bosom, and beside it the hunter and the fisher have lit their fire, and the blue smoke goes wavering up through the primeval forest. And from this we look up to the untrodden waste and eternal silence of the peak of snow—a silence never broken, save when some brother giant in his throes fills the upper air with fire and smoke and hideous clamour.

Mr. Church's last three pictures will, we venture to think, add much to his already well-established fame. He has selected subjects which, by their grandeur, their beauty, or their associations, have a strong claim on us; and he has enhanced their interest by the skill, the taste, and the poetry which he has displayed in his mode of treating them. An almost microscopic attention to detail has been happily wedded to a fine breadth in arrangement, and the combination produces pictures which appeal to us with all the force of works of nature rather than works of art.

America may well be proud of Mr. Church. She is a young country, but some of her sons have already taken their places among the poets and the sculptors. Here is one who may hold high rank with the painters.

We recommend our readers by no means to omit a visit to these pictures, not only because they possess very rare merit as paintings, but because they are the most clear and thorough realisation of scenes which few of us are likely to see, but which are among the most gloriously lovely which creation has to show.

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